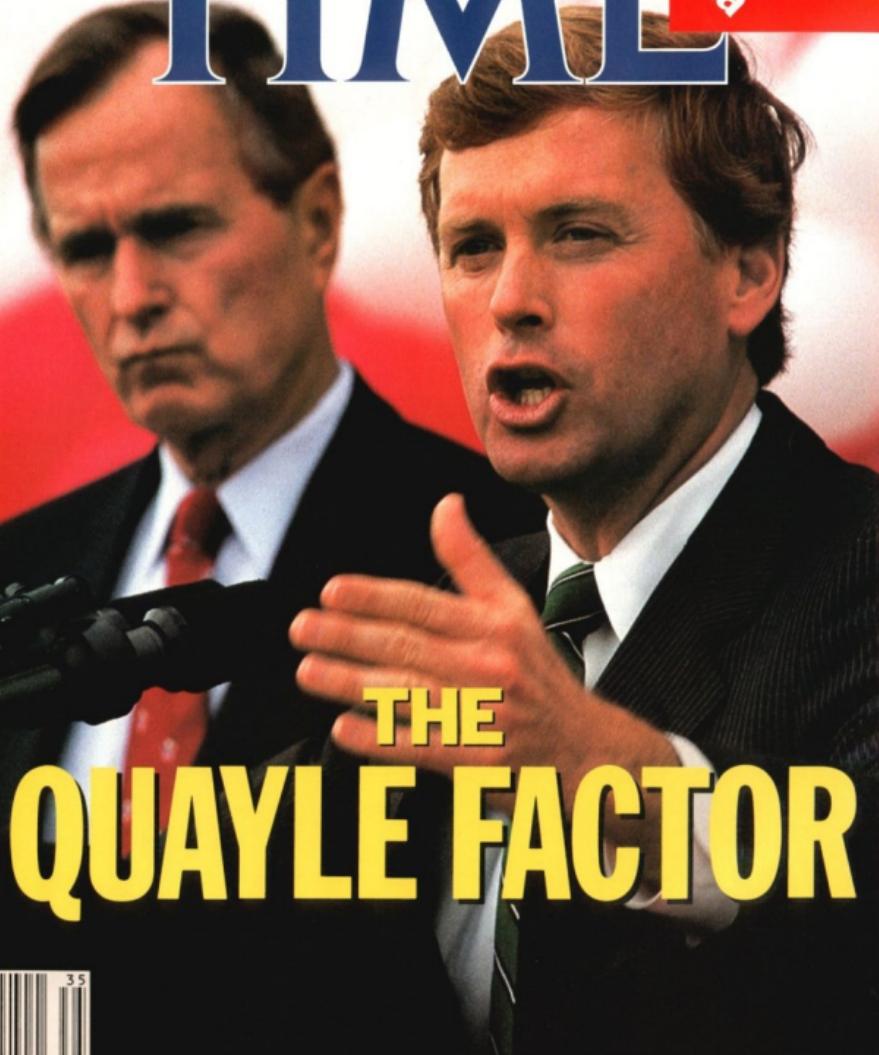


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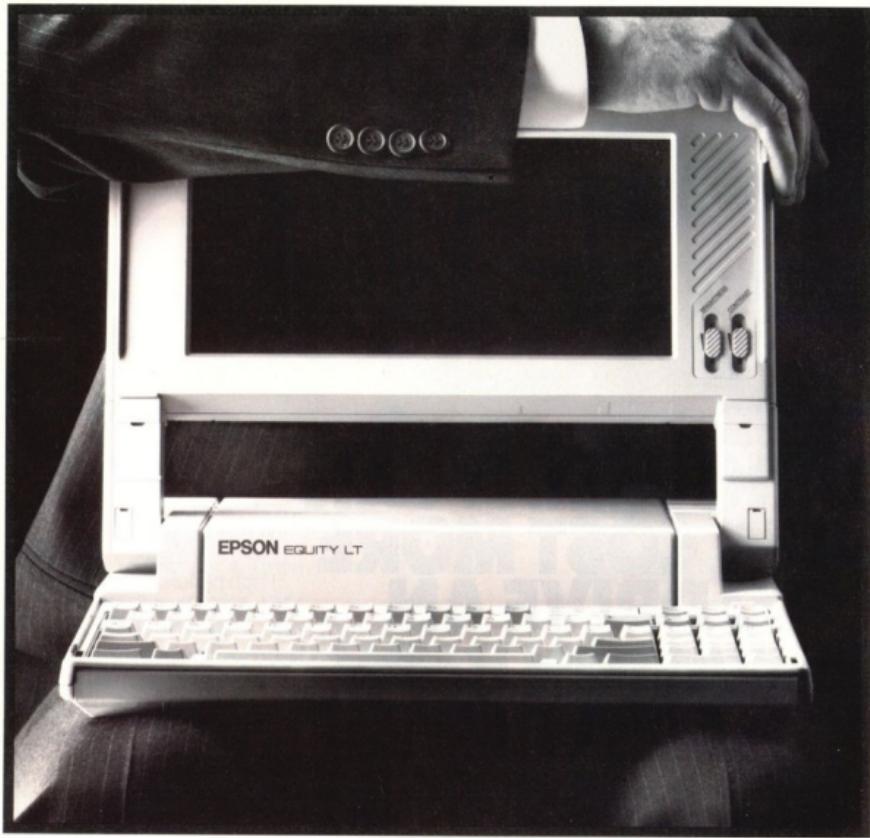
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For years now, auto makers have been unleashing hordes of sporty-looking cars that claim to perform "like a BMW."

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price \$24,650 for 1989 325i 2-door. Actual price will depend upon dealer. Price excludes taxes, license, options, dealer prep, destination and handling charges. **Comparison based on General Electric Credit Lease Automotive Financing Handbook, March 1988, for 60 month resale value. © 1988 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.

COVER: Bush springs a vice-presidential surprise—and steps in deep boo-boo 16

By anointing a little-known running mate, Bush muddies his campaign message with a flap over Dan Quayle's military record. The controversy reveals some of the weaknesses in his candidacy. ► The Quayle quagmire consists of "rumors and malicious charges," Bush tells TIME. ► This election will hinge on the seven large states. See NATION.



WORLD: A plane crash kills President Zia, hurling Pakistan into uncertainty 32

Was the South Asian强man assassinated because he backed the Afghan rebels? ► Riding along with Soviet troops as they exit Afghanistan after over eight years of war. ► The P.L.O. debates a historic peace initiative. ► Israel prepares to send a satellite into space. ► In South Africa, Nelson Mandela's tuberculosis puts his jailers on the spot. ► Twenty years later in Prague.



SPORT: A summer's pilgrimage to the maddening seacoasts of Scotland 62

Whatever their ancestry, golfers imagine that in some essential way they come from Scotland. No frivolous golfer can be found, and no serious one can be confirmed, without going home to the Old Course at St. Andrews to convene, confer and otherwise hobnob with the spirits. The Scots hold that men are meant to suffer, and never more than when they go out to enjoy themselves.



50

Law

If you want your day in court sooner rather than later, the answer is rent-a-judge. ► Do black youths or white commit more crimes?

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Science

Archaeologists discover that the Philistines, long slandered as warmongering boors, were in fact the builders of an advanced civilization.

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Economy & Business

After a record savings and loan rescue, questions arise about a taxpayer bailout for the industry. ► Why imports are here to stay.

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Press

Foreign journalists from 51 countries cope with the perplexities of convention coverage. ► A prisoner-writer sues for free speech.

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Medicine

Nasal sprays and implantable polymer wafers are among the latest techniques under development for delivering drugs.

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Books

In his first novel in 25 years, J.F. Powers again produces a sharp, funny and moving study of a priest's struggle with worldliness.

78

Health & Fitness

The FDA gives its stamp of approval to the first prescription drug for treating baldness, a minoxidil solution marketed as Rogaine.

80

Essay

Dan Quayle had a right to avoid combat by joining the Guard, but that was poor preparation for a career as a hawk.

Cover:

Photograph by Dennis Brack—Black Star

A Letter from the Publisher

Suzanne Davis, the operations manager for TIME's news service, was asleep in her New Orleans hotel room last week when the exuberant strains of a jazz band broke the 5 a.m. calm. The music came from a courtyard beneath her window that ABC's *Good Morning America* was using during the Republican Convention. Though Davis had arranged housing for the TIME staffers who attended the event, she had not been warned that her own hotel would become a predawn television set. "At least," she says wryly, "they were playing a snappy tune."

As the woman behind the scenes of much of our news coverage, Davis has learned to cope with the unforeseen. A native of Chappaqua, N.Y., she began her career in the news business quietly enough, as a secretary at LIFE in 1967. She first encountered the full pressures and unpredictabilities of journalism in 1972, when she went to work as secretary to TIME's deputy chief of correspondents. She later moved to the news desk, which serves as a liaison between our New York City editorial offices and our correspondents around the world. Davis became news desk manager in 1980, and five years later took charge of administrative services for TIME's 28 U.S. and foreign bureaus.

"Within 24 hours, I began to get frantic phone calls from correspondents who were being sent to new assignments," she



Out from behind the scenes: Davis in New Orleans

recalls. "We got into such fascinating topics as 'What can I do with semi-circular curtain rods on my new rectangular windows?' and 'Will the company pay to ship my personal 1,000-lb. printing press?' Some problems were more urgent. When a reporter flew into a war zone, Davis arranged for standby medical aid. 'It's a little like being a den mother,' she says.

That modest description fails to take into account the full range of her duties. In addition to her more routine responsibilities, such as leasing office space from Beijing to Boston, Davis has supervised the installation of our global computer system. "TIME was in the Dark Ages in 1984," she says. "Many correspondents were working on typewriters and sending their copy by wire." Now, thanks in no small part to training they received from her, they write on computers and use telephone lines to transmit their stories with the press of a key. "Some people take to it like a duck to water," Davis says, "and others require a lot of hand-holding." One incentive for the correspondents to learn, of course, is that they know they can use the system to contact Davis quickly whenever they feel the need for aid, comfort and reassurance from New York.

Robert L. Miller

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Honda Accord, Mazda 626, and Nissan Maxima (among sedans priced between \$12,500 and \$17,500, sold in the U.S.). And as *Motor Trend* simply put it: "We should all stand up and applaud."

People, like *Road & Track*, are impressed by its available V-6 power (in a choice of 3.0L or its new 3.8L engine) and its sophisticated 4-wheel independent suspension.

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on and on. And so, we imagine, will the experts' praise.

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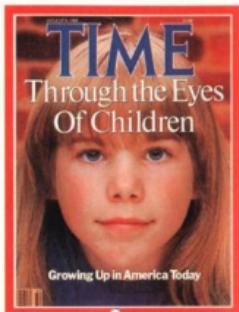
Letters

Childhood U.S.A.

To the Editors:

Kudos for your report "Through the Eyes of Children" [SPECIAL SECTION, Aug. 8]. The welfare of the only minority group in America that cannot vote is perhaps our greatest responsibility. In touting the catchphrase "Children are the future," we often lose sight of the fact that they are also very much the present.

*Rachel Burg, Assistant Editor
Children's Express
Marblehead, Mass.*



You say, "In an age of broken families, working mothers and perils like drugs, growing up is not easy." Broken homes and drugs have proved to have a negative effect on families. Working mothers have not. Irresponsible fathers, the economy, the threat of nuclear disaster and other factors also make growing up in the U.S. difficult.

*Mary Jane Weamer
Rochester, Minn.*

Too many American children are forced to become miniature adults in playclothes and must cope with grownup responsibilities and choices. My five siblings and I (now ages 18 to 27) did not have many material luxuries or opportunities because we came from a one-income family. My parents made sacrifices so that my mother's career could be her family. But we did have the luxury of coming home after school to someone who loved us, even on our bad days. Now I understand that those "little things" help children to develop naturally and become secure and successful.

*Catherine Sutherland
Janesville, Wis.*

I have been complaining for years about adults who take it upon themselves to analyze today's children and the problems we face. Thank you for going straight to the source.

*Adrienne E. St. Onge, age 15
Williamsburg, Va.*

Seeing one of their group on your cover may help convince children that they really are as important as we claim.

*Raymond W. Kosley Jr.
Bridgewater, N.J.*

You refer to the era of Ozzie and Harriet as if those were golden years. But for many of us, they were not. Where were your reporters in the '50s? Not questioning us in the rat-infested streets of Spanish Harlem. No journalists came there to learn about the anguish I felt because my mother worked at two jobs in sweatshops in order to get her children out of the segregated neighborhood schools and into private ones.

*Mayra Fernández
Alhambra, Calif.*

Gender Politics

George Bush isn't popular with women [NATION, Aug. 8]! I'm a woman, and I'll definitely vote for him. He said what I want to hear: "I will not raise your taxes, period." What do I care about looks or charm or ethnicity? The bottom line is what matters.

*Marty Flowers
Weirton, W. Va.*

Maybe this will be the election in which women decide who will be the President of the U.S., and it's about time. Michael Dukakis is a man who not only helps at home but is also concerned about all women in America. Better care for our children, improved pay and job security will benefit both sexes. The fact that Bush needs to play on male fears of Dukakis shows he has no interest in today's key issues, especially the ones that are really important to women.

*Lori Spackey
West Springfield, Mass.*

I'm voting for Bush because he is well educated, a war hero, well traveled, and has vastly more experience in foreign affairs than Dukakis. He is also a terrific husband and father; he's tall and kind. The guy has class, and we haven't seen that since J.F.K.

*Jane Anderson
Portland, Ore.*

Diet Dilemma

I find it ironic to learn of the *Surgeon General's Report on Nutrition and Health* [HEALTH & FITNESS, Aug. 8] after reading only a week earlier about our polluted seas. If, as the Surgeon General's report recommends, we concentrate on eating fish instead of calorie-laden fatty meats, we may end up with low cholesterol levels. But what good will that do us if we are poisoned by the toxic wastes that enter the fish as they swim in our filthy oceans, lakes and rivers.

*Ruth P. Sheff
Los Angeles*

Biking Boom

Although I appreciated "Summer Joy Riding" [LIVING, Aug. 8], more could have been said about bicycle commuting as a personal and socially beneficial mode of transportation. It should be encouraged by official policy, perhaps by tax and insurance incentives and the construction and maintenance of bikeways. I am a senior citizen who commutes 15 to 20 miles three or four times weekly, despite the hazards of Chicago's dilapidated, glass-and-garbage-strewn bike routes. I do not have to cope with annoying traffic jams and parking problems. And since it is no longer necessary for me to spend four or five hours a week at other exercise, I actually save time.

*Ralph C. Greene, M.D.
Chicago*

Where can one bike nowadays? Certainly not on the open roads or city streets—motorists prevent it. Not on sidewalks—pedestrians resent it. Here where I live, a few avid cyclists ride around parking lots in the evening and on weekends. I got my first bike in 1911, when I was seven, but I gave up riding about 40 years later. Cycling is fine, but not round and round in a parking lot.

*Monroe Toussaint
Barrington, Ill.*

More Science Friction

Your story "The Water That Lost Its Memory" [SCIENCE, Aug. 8] implies that by doing magic tricks, I somehow disturbed the personnel at Jacques Benveniste's laboratory and made them unable to function. On one occasion only, during a 15-minute break in the afternoon, when we were all away from the experimental areas, I did perform some sleights of hand. It was not "during [a] crucial test," and it was no more distracting than the telling of a few jokes might be during a coffee break.

The investigation of the laboratory clearly showed that Benveniste was not exercising the care needed to obtain properly the incredible results he claimed. Furthermore, my colleagues found serious flaws in the statistics employed, a fact that was labeled by Benveniste as a mere "theoretical objection." That comment is inexcusable from a scientist. Our investigative team was tough, firm, careful, systematic, unbiased and thorough; in other words, we acted as scientists should. Homeopathy is a bankrupt notion and will eventually be forgotten, as it should be. No, Virginia, water has no memory.

*James Randi
Plantation, Fla.*

Whether Benveniste's research was flawed remains to be seen, but the fact is that homeopathy will continue to be a thorn in the side of orthodox medicine. I have repeatedly seen homeopathic reme-

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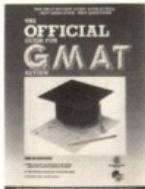


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Graduate Management Admission Council

Letters

dies work brilliant results in infants with ear infections and in hundreds of other human patients, as well as in animals. Eventually, the validity of homeopathy will be accepted by the scientific community; Benveniste's study is an important milestone toward that goal.

*Philip S. Lansky, M.D., Medical Director
East West Medical Center
Philadelphia*

Sailors' Duel

With his monster boat, New Zealand's Michael Fay may be sailing on the fine print of the America's Cup rules [SPORT, Aug. 8]. But he is eight-years away from the spirit of international one-design competition that has dominated this racing series for the past 30 years.

*Walter S. Cluett
Woodstock, Vt.*

Simulator Designs

Thank you for your informative article on the new simulators that replicate flight and other phenomena [TECHNOLOGY, Aug. 11]. For amusement parks, these simulators present a new, safe and varied addition to traditional attractions. I must point out, however, that in creating the Star Tours ride, Disneyland was following the lead of Showscan, the company that designed *Tour of the Universe*, which opened in Toronto in 1985.

*Jonathan Porter, Director of Engineering
Showscan Film Corp.
Culver City, Calif.*

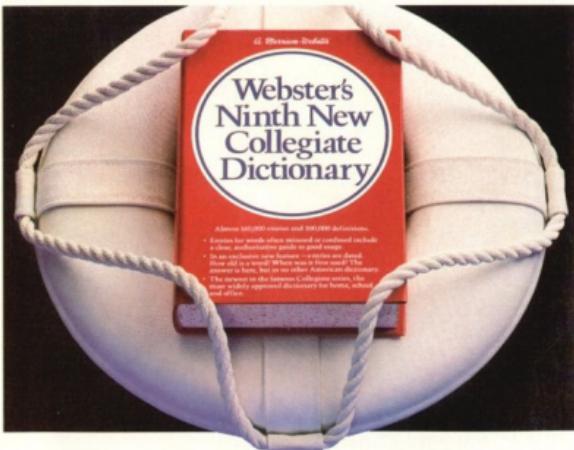
The Cutting Edge of Space

I feel compelled to respond to the negative views on space exploration expressed by Tom Owens [LETTERS, Aug. 8]. He seems not to realize that the population of the planet is rapidly increasing, while resources are dwindling. Space may offer vast supplies of usable materials and unrestricted room for expansion that, if managed with foresight and intelligence, will lead to immense benefits for all mankind. Space and its exploration are not "behind the times." Rather, they are necessary parts of an expanding, progressing society and, in the long run, critical to the survival of humanity.

*David Lawler
San Luis Obispo, Calif.*

If Owens had been an influential man in Spain 500 years ago, Christopher Columbus might have got the bum's rush when he asked for money for his voyages of exploration.

*David George Cook
Erin, Ont.*



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The outcome surprised even us. Of the

hundreds of people tested, more preferred rum and orange juice, and the margin was substantial.

We think we know why. The rums of Puerto Rico, which are aged by law for one year, have a warmer, livelier character than vodka.

Their flavor is more naturally suited to orange juice. The result is the perfect marriage.

Isn't it amazing what can happen when people are guided by tastebuds instead of tradition?

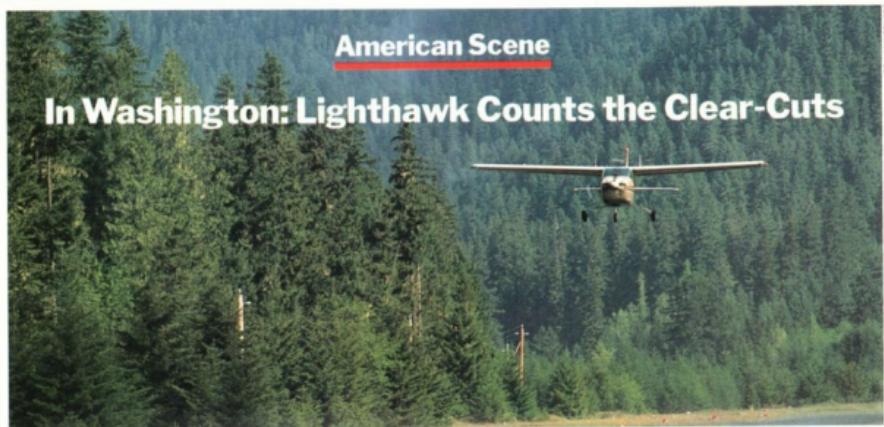


RUMS OF PUERTO RICO



American Scene

In Washington: Lighthawk Counts the Clear-Cuts



Into the woods: Aerial Watchdog Michael Stewart tracks the amount of virgin forest still left in the Northwest from his Cessna 210

Want to see the big trees of Washington and Oregon, the great Douglas firs and red cedars? Stay in your car. Keep to the main roads. Avoid high, distant views. In the national forests here, the policy of the U.S. Forest Service has been to leave buffer zones of uncut trees along the tourist highways. It is prettier that way. It is also easier for the Forest Service, which has fewer letters of outrage to answer about the scarification that used to be a coastal rain forest.

On the other hand, if you want to see what's really happening, get in touch with Michael Stewart, the chief pilot, troublemaker, idea man and fund raiser of an extraordinary environmental flying service called Project Lighthawk. Just now a couple of local environmentalists, a journalist and Stewart are aboard one of Lighthawk's two Cessna 210s. Stewart, a lean, relaxed fellow of 38, with a bushy light brown mustache and hair to match, radios his plane's identification to the control tower at Seattle's Boeing Field.

We take off to the south, then head west. Below is the Hood Canal, an arm of Puget Sound, and the Navy shipyard at Bremerton. Ahead, partly obscured by clouds, are the Olympic Peninsula and the huge trees and muscular ridges and peaks of Olympic National Park. What we want to see from the air is the Shelton sustained-yield area, a heavily logged region just short of the park, most of it in the Olympic National Forest.

Stewart and Forestry Consultant Peter Morrison, working with the help of the Wilderness Society, have just nailed down what is either a very large bureaucratic fraud or a conveniently jumbled process of long-term fudging. Environmentalists had suspected for a long time that the Forest Service had vastly overestimated the amount of old growth—virgin forest—still left in the Northwest. Traditionally, the Forest Service has disapproved of

messy, tangled old-growth forests, whose dank, rotting understory and ancient trees it has referred to as "overmature" and "decadent." It has preferred to clear-cut the old growth, and then treat trees as if they were very large soybean plants that could be "harvested" for timber on a rotation basis every 60 or 80 or 100 years in "sustained-yield" areas.

Overestimating the amount of old growth still standing, by underreporting clear-cuts or by counting mature second growth as primal forest, is convenient because it reduces the urgency of squawks from environmentalists. But Stewart and Morrison (a Forest Service employee moonlighting on his days off) drew circles in red pencil around old-growth areas on the Forest Service's own aerial maps. Then they flew off to find the trees.

Most of them, it turned out, had already been sold, clear-cut and trucked off. In six national forests in Oregon and Washington, they found that only about 33% to 50% of the sample tracts listed as old growth were still forested. "Several years of clear-cutting simply are not accounted for," says Morrison. In the Olympic National Forest below us, only 106,000 acres remain of the 217,000 claimed by the Forest Service. In Oregon's Siskiyou, 142,000 acres remain of a claimed 433,000. Much of what was still uncut was broken into tracts too small to serve as habitats for those species—the spotted owl, for instance—whose presence indicates a healthy old-growth forest ecology. In some areas, the remaining old forest, that continent of trees that colonists began cutting in Virginia in the 17th century, will last only about 20 more years at present rates of logging.

A hawk's-eye view makes the case unforgettable. Stewart finds a break in the clouds, and we circle over logging operations in high, steep valleys. A huge Sikor-

sky helicopter is pulling logs out of a narrow canyon. What is going on is not just clear-cutting, which a widely ignored provision of the National Forest Management Act of 1976 permits on national forest land only when it is the optimum cutting method. This, says Stewart, is really "a mining operation, a one-time extraction of resources." Valley walls too steep to walk on have been scraped to bare earth. Acreage bulldozed for shopping malls looks like this. Until these ravaged uplands reseed themselves—which on the steepest slopes simply may not happen—erosion is inevitable, and the most reliable yield, says Forester Morrison in disgust, will be "sustained sediment" in the streams that drain them. We head eastward to a landing field near Mount Rainier National Park.

Michael Stewart began his flying career 2,000 ft. underground, in a copper mine near Tucson. That was in 1969. He was 19, short on cash and certainties, too restless for college, already back from a year of wandering that had taken him as far as Australia. The mine taught him what he wanted: out. He spent his wages on flying lessons and became a bush pilot in Alaska, the state with the bushiest piloting of all.

He had begun to think hard about the scars and stains of prosperity that he was seeing from the air. "I have no grudge against wealth or business," he says these days. But around 1975 he had an idea: "It would help if more people could get a pilot's view of the damage that was being done." He spent most of the next four years trying to get Lighthawk started.

We touch down on a rough landing strip on Forest Service land near Mount Rainier National Park. There is a campground nearby, and a tract of huge trees, each about 12 ft. or 15 ft. in diameter and 175 ft. or more high, reserved from cutting to show visitors what the forest used to be

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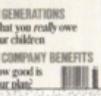
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American Scene

like. Old logging roads lace through this damp, shaded museum tract. Huge stumps rot here and there among the living trees. These are significant: it is obvious that a sizable number of trees can be cut without killing the forest. Saplings and a complex tangle of undergrowth spring up to use the sunlight.

Such selective cutting, however, which allowed forests to regenerate species that had no commercial value as well as the highly prized Douglas fir, seemed too inefficient to the Government foresters. Now, perhaps too late, research has shown that clear-cuts tend to break an important ecological chain: they destroy the habitat of small mammals that shelter in forest undergrowth. These creatures eat and distribute mycorrhizal fungi, which grow among the rootlets of saplings and help the trees absorb water and nutrients. There may be enough spores of fungi in the soil after a clear-cut to start a second-growth forest, but a third crop is less likely to be successful, and it now seems possible that sustained-yield forests based on clear-cutting simply may not work.

So the conversation goes on of Project Lighthawk's flights this summer. The nine-year-old, nonprofit flying service, which operates on a budget of about \$200,000 a year, has tracked radio-collared wolves in Montana and rare porpoises in the Sea of Cortés. Last winter Stewart and Volunteer Pilot Jerry Hoogerwerf flew for several weeks over the Costa Rican rain forest and discovered and helped stop illegal gold mining and logging near a park on the Osa Peninsula.

On a typical Saturday a few weeks ago, Lighthawk had four planes in the air—the two Cessnas it owns, the second flown by Staff Pilot Bruce Gordon, and two planes supplied by volunteer pilots—over endangered areas in four Western states. The charge to journalists, biologists, legislators and environmental groups ranges from nothing to \$40 an hour.

At first Stewart had a tough job explaining to earthbound environmentalists how Lighthawk might be useful. That changed after a successful four-year fight that led to the shutdown of the smoke-belching Phelps Dodge copper smelter at Douglas, Ariz., a notorious contributor to the West's airborne sulphur-dioxide levels. Now Stewart, with five salaries to guarantee, two planes to maintain and the costly prospect of buying three more, spends half his time raising money. He has no house, no wife and lives out of a flight bag.

Sometimes he broods about these larks, but as we approach Boeing Field, he is fizzing with good spirits. "Awright, awright!" he yells. The control tower is holding up the takeoff of Boeing's newest 747, a monstrous silver machine with upturned wing tips, to let us land. This amuses Stewart, who looks astonished when asked whether he ever thought of piloting such an ark. "Nah," he says, "those guys are bus drivers."

—By John Skow

"LITTLE PIECES OF THE WORLD"

by Julie R. Schutte, 17

Laurel-Concord Public School

Instructors: Arillys Monson, Ellie McBride

Laurel, Nebraska



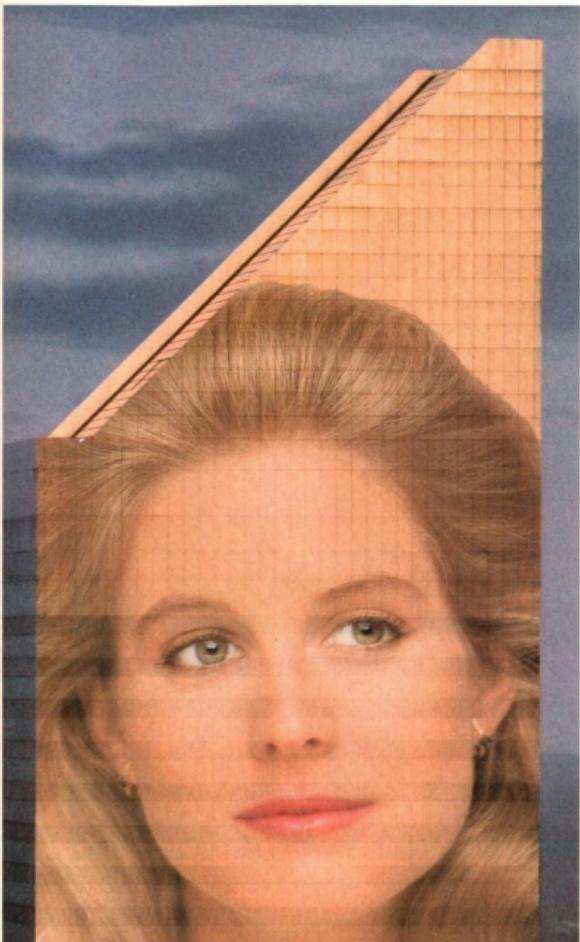
The Olympic Games transcend sports. They're a symbol of brotherhood and unity, a celebration of the human spirit that touches all who compete and all who watch.

For capturing that spirit, Julie Schutte's colorful cut-paper montage was chosen as a winner in a nationwide student art contest. Says Julie, "I tried to convey the

energy and excitement of all the Olympic participants."

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THE REPUBLICANS



GUARDING INDIANA: THE VEEP PICK IN 1971

COVER STORIES

The Quayle Quagmire

Despite an eloquent speech, Bush emerges from New Orleans less than triumphant



"A Vice President cannot help you, he can only hurt you."

—Richard Nixon, 1968

"I'm proud to have Dan Quayle at my side."

—George Bush, 1988

The New Orleans convention was supposed to reveal the real George Bush to the American electorate. In that, it certainly succeeded, both for better and for worse. On Thursday night the Vice President delivered a stirring acceptance speech that was the equal of Michael Dukakis' oratorical triumph in Atlanta. In a strong, I'm-the-guy-in-charge-now voice, Bush fused masterful metaphors and political put-downs with his campaign themes of family, freedom and the future. He adroitly portrayed himself as both the heir to Reaganism and his own man, ready to take his seat at the big desk in the Oval Office. Bush declared, "This election—what it all comes down to, after all the shouting and cheers, is the man at the desk. And who should sit at that desk? My friends, I am that man."

Bush also succeeded at a task that eluded Dukakis in Atlanta: to provide a telling glimpse of the private man beneath the public mask. "I may not be the most eloquent," Bush announced with gentle but revealing words that momentarily belied the disclaimer. "I may sometimes be a little awkward," he continued, "but there's nothing self-conscious in my love of country. I am a quiet man, but I hear the quiet people others don't—the ones who raise the family, pay the taxes, meet the mortgage. I hear them and I am moved, and their concerns are mine."

But Bush's hopes for a buoyant bounce from that speech were sacrificed on the altar of Dan Quayle, the man he had selected only two days earlier to be his running mate. The surprise choice, and the way it was handled, revealed some of the weaknesses of Bush's approach to governance—from a crippling fear of leaks to a distaste for face-to-face confrontation. At one point, only hours

AN UNEASY G.O.P. TICKET

The presidential nominee soared, the crowd roared, but his running mate was gored



CORBIS/PHOTODISC



THE REPUBLICANS



HOME IN HUNTINGTON, THE INDIANA SENATOR BRAVES THE LIONS

The media-baiting crowd made the press conference seem like the *Morton Downey Jr. Show*

before Bush's acceptance speech, campaign aides considered the possibility that Quayle might be dumped from the ticket. Although Quayle survived the initial storm, there were strong indications that the Quayle factor could haunt the Republican team right through to Nov. 8.

"Watch my vice-presidential decision," Bush urged in a *TIME* interview three weeks ago. "That will tell all." To the Vice President, the selection of Quayle, 41, a blond, boyish, baby-boom, back-bench Senator from Indiana, represented a bold leap across generational boundaries. Bush, it seemed, had looked in the mirror and found what was most needed in the second-banana role that he had played for eight years: a younger version of himself. Quayle radiates the same bumptious enthusiasm, the same uncritical loyalty, the same palpable gratitude and the same malleable mind-set that Bush brought to the G.O.P. ticket in 1980.

But by anointing Quayle, Bush also stepped into deep boo-boo. Within 24 hours of his selection, Quayle became a political bumper car careering from one public relations crack-up to another. During an awkward press conference on Wednesday and five erratic television interviews that night, Quayle was constantly unhinged by the question that torments

many of his generation: What did you do during the Viet Nam War?

In Quayle's case, he served in the Indiana National Guard, a part-time assignment that consisted mostly of writing press releases for a small public-affairs unit. That alone might have been embarrassing for the hawkish Senator, but Quayle grudgingly conceded that he had used his powerful family's connections to help him win this bullet-free billet. In his initial press conference, Quayle did not aid his own cause when he callously suggested that he joined the Guard because "I did not know in 1969 that I would be in this room today, I'll confess."

The day after the convention, Bush accompanied his new running mate to his hometown, Huntington, Ind. There, as the Vice President stayed secluded in city hall, Quayle fended off press questions about his war record in a scene eerily reminiscent of other embattled vice-presidential nominees: the Richard Nixon of the Checkers speech; Thomas Eagleton dumped from the Democratic ticket in 1972; and Geraldine Ferraro, who in 1984 endured withering scrutiny of the financial affairs of herself and her husband, Real Estate Executive John Zaccaro.

The reason Quayle's Viet Nam quagmire caused such controversy is that millions of Americans could instantly relate to what he had done and had not done. As a boy in 1969, he planned to go to law school. But he had already passed his pre-induction military physical, and fears of being drafted were realistic. Later that year, Quayle would receive a draft lottery number, 210 (out of 366), which would put him on the cusp of those spared conscription. The National Guard was a beguiling option: generally it meant six months of training and then weekend-warrior status for six years with virtually no chance of being mobilized for Viet Nam.

Enlisting in the National Guard instead of being drafted is not, as Quayle repeatedly pointed out in Huntington, a dishonor. But for a conservative trying to run on a banner of hawkish patriotism, it is a potential liability. The far more explosive political question last week was whether the Quayles had pulled strings to get him into the Guard. The Indiana Guard at the time was at 98.4% strength, meaning that there was a waiting list for slots in many units. Dennis Avery, a Democratic state representative from Evansville, Ind., told *TIME* last week that he had considered enlisting in the Indiana Guard before being drafted in 1969. "I was



THE G.O.P. TEAM KICKS OFF THE FALL CAMPAIGN IN HUNTINGTON

Just 24 hours earlier, Bush aides toyed with the possibility of dumping Quayle

told that the National Guard had a long waiting list," Avery said, "and that it would be futile, a several-year waiting list." But Indiana Guard records indicate that there were vacancies in the headquarters unit Quayle joined in May 1969.

In Huntington, Quayle admitted, "I didn't what any normal person would do at that age. You call home. You call home to Mother and Father and say, 'I'd like to get into the National Guard.'" The only difference was that Quayle's parents were not quite Ma and Pa Kettle. His mother Corinne is the daughter of Eugene Pulliam, a conservative Hoosier press lord who dominated the state as the publisher of the Indianapolis *News* and the *Indianapolis Star*. The managing editor of the *News* was then Wendell Phillipi, a retired major general who had commanded the Indiana Guard. According to Phillipi, Quayle called him to ask for help in getting into the Guard and to inquire about the chances of being called to active duty. Phillipi said he contacted an acquaintance in the Guard and highly recommended Quayle.

There is no more difficult political role than that of a conservative from the baby-boom generation. Attitudes and behavior that were commonplace in the late 1960s—about drugs, sex, military service—are now viewed with post-factum moralism

through the prism of two decades of cultural revisionism. By 1969 millions of American men of draft age would have gone to great lengths to avoid combat in the most unpopular war in the nation's history. Is an entire generation of draft avoiders, who stayed within the law, barred from high political office? Or is there a special standard for hawkish conservatives, who are automatically maligned as hypocrites if they did not then put their rifles where their rhetoric is now?

There is something disturbing about Quayle's reluctant admission that he used pull to get into the Guard. In this, Quayle, scion of a wealthy family, reflects a different tradition than does the well-born Bush. The Vice President, who eagerly enlisted as a Navy aviator during World War II, was reared by a code of strict moralism that reviled special privileges and taking more than one's share. Quayle appears to reflect the more permissive and probably more common outlook that wealth and connections provide certain protections against the vicissitudes of life and that these dispensations are to be enjoyed without guilt. But in this attitude, Quayle reflects the era in which he came of age.

An iron law of scandal is that no mat-

ter how grave or trivial the initial offense, the press will inevitably reduce the issue to a simple question of honesty. By tradition, George Washington, cherry-tree standards, Quayle appears to be guilty only of shading the truth. But there has also been a troubling pattern of lapses of memory surrounding Quayle's public statements since he was tapped by Bush. Initially, Quayle claimed he could not remember if anyone helped him get into the Guard. In an NBC interview Wednesday night, he conceded that "if phone calls were made . . . I don't know the specifics of that." That same evening, Quayle told the *MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour* that his father James also "certainly could have called people." But perhaps Quayle's most questionable assertion is one that he has clung to from the outset: that a desire to avoid combat played no role in his eagerness to enter the Indiana Guard.

The Quayle storm is, in fact, about more than a 19-year-old military record. The young Senator's stumbling attempts to defuse the issue showed how inexperienced he is on a national stage. In addition, the charges resonated because they reflected a deeper qualm about Quayle: that he is somewhat of a lightweight. Too junior to be a committee chairman when the Republicans ruled the Senate, and not

regarded as a legislative craftsman, Quayle seems emblematic of the type of Senator who performs better in campaign ads than in committee rooms. The press made a concerted effort to communicate its view—and that of some of Quayle's colleagues—that the Republicans were about to nominate a man without the heft to handle the job. There were anonymous gibes: "Quayle is Bush Lite." His academic record became an issue; as even Quayle admits, "I was not a very good student." The *Wall Street Journal* quoted one of his college professors as saying, "He was a vapid student as I can ever recall."

The selection of Quayle also resurrected stories about Paula Parkinson, the shapely Washington lobbyist known for her legislative affairs. On a golfing vacation in 1980, Quayle stayed in a Florida house with two other Congressmen and Parkinson. He left the next day and was never accused of intimacy with her; no evidence has emerged to dispute his claim that he did nothing more exciting than play golf. But in the November issue of

Playboy, due on newsstands Oct. 1, Parkinson (who is pictured posing nude) will make some new allegations about Quayle's activities that weekend. Her charges are unsubstantiated and, in fact, contradict some of her previous accounts. But they are likely to provoke another unwanted flurry of publicity.

Bush trumpeted his vice-presidential selection process as a model by which his fitness for the White House should be judged. But the behind-the-scenes portrait of the troubled Bush campaign last week was one of repeated misjudgments and miscalculations. Bush should shoulder most of the adverse political consequences, stemming from both faulty staff work and his deep concern with secrecy, which kept politically experienced aides from participating in and learning much about Quayle's background check.

From the outset, Bush viewed the choice of his running mate as a case study in the loneliness of power. "I want to do this one myself," the Vice President frequently told longtime political counselors who of-

fered to help. Bush solicited names and advice but rarely revealed his own feelings, and in the end relied almost defiantly on himself alone. "He had a preoccupation with leaks," recalls a senior staffer. Concern with maintaining firm control of the theatrics of the convention contributed to this security mania, but the primary cause was Bush's memories of the rumors that swept Detroit in 1980 as Reagan was pondering Bush's fate. As a top aide put it, "He was determined that no one be hurt."

This kindness had consequences. A parade of would-be Veeps coming in hand would be demeaning, so Bush primarily communicated with the candidates through the relatively inexperienced Robert Kimmitt, who was in charge of the background checks. Kimmitt—the top attorney at Treasury when Campaign Chairman James Baker was the Cabinet Secretary—was under firm instructions to share most of his findings only with Bush. Thus, despite the broad-ranging search for a running mate, the most vital information of all was in the

Bush: "I Have to Wait and See"

Wearing an Air Force flight jacket and nibbling on cheese and crackers, George Bush was sitting with his wife Barbara and campaign chairman James Baker when he invited TIME Correspondent David Beckwith to the forward compartment of Air Force Two last Friday for his first interview as the Republican presidential candidate. Dan Quayle and his wife were one cabin back with Bush's senior staff. Excerpts:

Q. In 1972 George McGovern said he was behind Eagleton 1,000%. Will you make a similar statement about Quayle?

Bush. You heard me support him today and yesterday. I can't do any more than that. There's no evidence of wrongdoing. If there were, I'd be happy to consider it.

Q. Has this been an overreaction by the press, a media feeding frenzy?

Bush. Yes. Damn right. But I don't know what the facts are. I have to wait and see what facts are driving this. I rode into a finance meeting [in New Orleans] on a fire engine, and you find reporters screaming, frantically, diesel fuel all over, "Hey, what about this?" Yes, there's been a heightened level of attention. Put it that way.

Not to interview the interviewer, but what do you think the charges are?

Q. Whether his parents used undue

influence to get him into the Guard, and whether he told your people about it when asked.

Bush (shrugs)

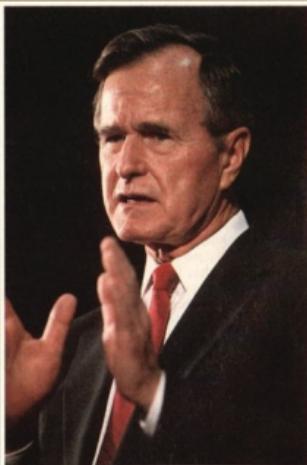
Q. Did Quayle fail to level with your investigating lawyer, Robert Kimmitt, or was Kimmitt's investigation inadequate?

Bush. What facts are wrong? I say I'm satisfied with the facts. Now what's wrong? If you jump to the conclusion that something is wrong, then maybe you can criticize a person finding the facts. I'm not going to criticize either one of them.

Q. But your campaign aides are still attempting, two days later, to develop facts that perhaps should have been included in the background check.

James Baker (interrupting). That is so incorrect that I'd like to answer. What took us overnight—we stayed up almost all night Wednesday, into the next day—was an attempt to knock down rumor after rumor. That was a much bigger job than dealing with the underlying facts.

Q. But you attempted from the beginning to obtain basic facts, exactly what had occurred 20 years ago, and to obtain records. So you were apparently unsatisfied with the material developed by Mr. Kimmitt.



Quayle "is a man qualified to be Vice President"



end filtered through a two-man channel.

Bush, who was worried about his party's right wing, had hoped for consensus, but there was none to be found. The week before the convention, Bush asked his top advisers to list their three favorites for Vice President: none of the seven lists agreed. Bob Dole and Jack Kemp, both tested in the primaries, were obvious selections, but within the Bush camp they also inspired impassioned pleas of "any-one but Dole" and "anyone but Kemp." Their political prominence was also a disadvantage; Bush did not seem to want a running mate who had a strong independent record of his own. In contrast, Quayle's career had the virtue of leaving too light an imprint to arouse enemies.

Monday afternoon, just hours after the convention opened, Kimmitt reported to Bush that the background check on Quayle was complete and that nothing very adverse had been found. What remains unclear is why Kimmitt failed to discover the pullings-strings-to-get-into-the-Guard problem. Was it Kimmitt's negligence, Quayle's de-

ceit or just the explosive mixture of an inexperienced questioner and an overly vague Senator? Two Bush insiders complain in almost identical words. "We don't know for sure whether Quayle lied to Kimmitt. That's the bottom line."

Tuesday morning, just before boarding the helicopter to Andrews Air Force Base, Bush told his top advisers that he had made up his mind, but he refused to tell them who it was. The Vice President had decided on Quayle without ever questioning him face to face; Bush had faith in Kimmitt and the process. On the two-hour flight to New Orleans, Bush discussed the timing of the announcement with aides. There were rumbles from New Orleans that both the delegates and the press were growing restive over the now tedious game of "I've got a secret." Bush was particularly concerned about putting the losing contenders out of their misery.

Bush confided first in Ronald Reagan, whispering Quayle's name to the mildly uninterested President when they crossed paths at Louisiana's Belle Chasse

Naval Air Station Tuesday morning. Most of the Bush entourage learned of Quayle's selection at the home of the airbase commander. There the decision was made to announce the choice that afternoon, but only if Bush could personally notify all eleven semifinalists in time. He did. The last call was to Quayle, and Bush effusively told him, "You are my choice, my first choice, my only choice."

At this point, the Quayle tale began to go awry. Bush was scheduled to take a 30-minute riverboat ride on the *Natchez*, and it was decided that Quayle would be anointed when the boat docked in New Orleans. There was only one problem: Bush insisted that his top aides accompany him to guarantee secrecy. That meant all the obligatory calls to G.O.P. leaders had to be postponed until later that afternoon, leaving no senior campaign aide available to brief the press on Quayle's virtues. When the problem was posed to Bush, he said decisively, and incorrectly, "We can take that hit."

Quayle's hyperactive performance at

Baker. No, that is not true. What you had was a proliferation of various rumors, some of which related to this issue, but many of which related to other issues. Allegations like the claim that Quayle paid \$50,000 to get into the National Guard.

Bush. Spread by people in your business, Dave.

Q. Senator Quayle has been reluctant to divulge whether he was originally asked directly by your investigators about family influence on the National Guard, and what his response was.

Bush. Look, he stood out there for 30 minutes answering questions. I don't know what he was doing. What questions are left? The bottom line is this: he is a man qualified to be Vice President. Is it a good selection? Am I comfortable with it in the face of these allegations? At this point, the answer is yes, I am.

Q. You billed your selection process as a test of your competence and Executive abilities. Are you happy with the results?

Bush. Exactly. And I'm prepared to stand by that. I'm very happy with the process, but I'm not happy with the rumors and malicious charges that came out, with no evidence behind them. I would think a lot of people would pause before throwing out those charges they throw out in the form of questions. If you think it's fair to pass along or circulate rumors that prove to have no basis

in fact, then I'm not sure that's sound, insightful journalism.

Q. In most cases, the journalists were merely asking questions, not publishing.

Bush. What's the difference? If the question is asked publicly, impugning the man's integrity, there's no difference at all. There was all this running around, yelling "Draft dodger!" and throwing names against the person. I don't happen to think that's fair. And that's a subjective opinion from George Bush.

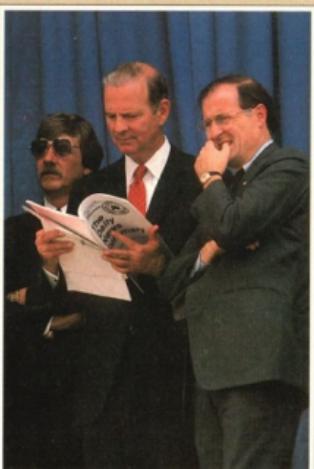
Q. There have been published reports that James Baker opposed Quayle's selection.

Bush. He never said that to me, in any way, ever. Is that really a rumor out there? Ridiculous.

Baker. I can take that a bit further. I only had knowledge of the choice for two hours before it was announced, and I spent those two hours working on implementation of the choice.

Q. Do you think the Quayle military-service flap will detract from the lift you otherwise would have obtained from the convention?

Bush. Well, I wish all this wasn't churning around out there. It's distracted attention from the campaign itself. But it will be under control. I suppose we'll have to wait for the polls, which I always declared meaningless. I don't know.



Baker and Robert Teeter with the news summary

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his own investiture was criticized by many as more appropriate for a game-show host than for a would-be Vice President. He bounded across the podium, waving his arms, grabbing Bush's shoulder (the Vice President recoiled) and shouting meaningless phrases like "Go get 'em!" But many Bush advisers thought that Quayle's energy made the Vice President look like a Reaganesque elder statesman in comparison. Bush agreed. The next morning he said to an aide, "Don't let anyone try to put Dan in a straitjacket or slow him down. Let him be himself."

Quayle's Wednesday press conference should have dampened the upbeat mood, but few in the Bush high command detected the warning flares. Aides were so enraptured with Quayle's energy and enthusiasm that they failed to listen carefully to his answers. Blindsided by a question on why he joined the National Guard, Quayle fell back on the advice that Bush Media Guru Roger Ailes gave the Indiana Senator during his 1986 re-election campaign: "If there is no advantage to you in a subject, don't talk about it." So instead of a full answer, Quayle spoke in fractured sound bites.

There was neither much trepidation nor preparation as Quayle was sent off on Wednesday night to make the prime-time interview rounds. Virtually the only advice given to Quayle: "Be yourself, and whatever you do, don't lie." The peripatetic Senator followed both instructions faithfully, perhaps too faithfully. Each time Quayle sat down before the cameras, he dropped another factlet about the efforts of his family and friends to ease his way into the National Guard. At times Quayle spoke with such enthusiasm about his ambition to be a Guardsman that one almost got the impression that it was a higher calling than the vice presidency.

Late Wednesday night, the Bush camp finally grasped that it was ensnared in a full-blown media crisis. At a midnight meeting, Baker decreed the strategy to follow during the next 20 anxious hours: total public silence. Until the staff unearthed the facts that had somehow eluded Kimball, they would stonewall everything. But the truth about Quayle's military record continued to be elusive. The Indiana Senator was telephoned at his hotel, but he failed to remember many details. Quayle's father was called; yes, he had tried to help his son get into the Guard. Phillips was contacted. But the answers remained incomplete and sometimes contradictory.

The group reconvened Thursday morning. Quayle was to be nominated in

twelve hours—or was he? The top staff mulled the consequences of dumping Quayle from the ticket and quickly decided that it would be equivalent to conceding the election. "That was the low point of a bad day," recalls a Bush adviser. More realistic was the possibility of an updated Checkers speech: Quayle would appear with his parents. In the end, desperation ploys were judged unnecessary. An aide explains, "We realized we had a public relations problem, not a real problem."

Bush never wavered in support of the man he had lifted so high. "How's Danny doing?" he asked several times. But the Vice President never felt the compulsion to question Quayle face to face. The awk-



A REST BETWEEN RALLIES ON THE CONVENTION FLOOR

Quayle derailed hopes of a buoyant bounce from New Orleans

ward investigation was left to Baker. Around noon, Quayle grew restive about answering further questions. "Let's go," he urged, but Baker pressed to know more. By early afternoon, the mood began to brighten in the Bush bunker. There were no new revelations; the media hurricane had for the moment blown out to sea.

Thursday night, Quayle was nominated by acclamation for Vice President. His acceptance speech was as energetic as it was forgettable. The Bush camp did decide, however, to wrap Quayle in the patriotic bunting of the National Guard. Signs appeared on the convention floor heralding GUARDSMEN FOR BUSH/QUAYLE. The vice-presidential nominee won his loudest ovation when he declared,

"I served six years in the National Guard . . . and I'm proud of that." It was textbook conservative confrontational politics: pit the millions of voters who are veterans of the National Guard against a lynch mob from the national media.

That strategy was apparent on Friday, when the Bush campaign decreed that Quayle was finally prepared to meet the press. The setting in Huntington, Ind., was akin to an outdoor version of the *Morton Downey Jr. Show*. Aides gathered reporters on the hill sloping from the courthouse in full view of a flag-waving crowd of 12,000 media-loathing Hoosiers. The Indiana Senator, coat off, strode boldly into the swarm of sweating, shouting reporters. Dan

Quayle enters the lion's den. He spoke into a microphone that boomed his answers to the home-town faithful.

This was political theater, and Quayle displayed admirable fidelity to his prepared script. Several times he answered, "I got into the National Guard fairly. I did not ask anyone to break the rules." Asked if his war record would be a campaign problem, Quayle replied, "In a way, it might help. You are going to be surprised how outraged people and families who identify with the National Guard are going to be." With each question, the heckling grew louder. Finally, when Hoosiers chanting "Boring, boring" tried to drown out a questioner entirely, Baker belatedly ordered aides to quiet the raucous sideshow.

If the script holds, Quayle could in a week or two neutralize much of the damage to the Republican ticket. But Ferraro too won a short-term lift from her marathon face-off with the national press, only to see it all slip away in the swirl of new revelations. Ferraro is a reminder of how in recent years the seemingly simple selection of a compatible vice-presidential candidate has often been a ticket to political disaster.

The truth, sadly, is that in the quarter century since the Kennedy assassination, the nation has come to appreciate the fragility of Presidents. Gone is the Throttlebottom era, when almost any politician, remotely competent and occasionally sober, could be drafted to fill out a ticket. In a vice-presidential candidate, the nation now sees an individual who could be called on to enter the Oval Office at a time of supreme national anguish. That is the most unfortunate thing about the Quayle quagmire—how little of the controversy touches on the Indiana Senator's abilities to shoulder that potentially terrible burden.

—By Walter Shapiro.

Reported by Robert Ajemian, David Beckwith and Alessandra Stanley/New Orleans

Greetings, You Have Been Selected

For Americans now over 33, the draft was a painful rite of passage



"Try to imagine what it was like to be a college senior in early 1969," says Jack Wheeler, 43, a Viet Nam veteran and chairman of Washington's Center for the Study of the Viet Nam Generation. "Winter, ice and a dreadful uncertainty gnawing at you." At that time, less than a year after the Tet offensive, Americans were shocked by the stories and televised images of an increasingly bloody and, to many, pointless war in Southeast Asia. In university dorms and dining halls around the country, students endlessly discussed their overarching obsession: the draft and how to avoid it. "The stress was ungodly, enormous," says Wheeler. "Viet Nam meant death." It was in this highly charged atmosphere that J. Danforth Quayle, DePauw University class of '69, enlisted in the National Guard.

The controversy over Senator Quayle's military service has recalled one of the shabbier aspects of American involvement in Viet Nam. Middle-class youngsters often managed to duck military induction, while society's less privileged members did most of the fighting. Some 76% of the 2,150,000 servicemen sent to Viet Nam from 1965 to 1973 came from working-class or lower-middle-class backgrounds. Roughly 25% were from families with incomes below the poverty line. Yet college-educated young men stood a 12% chance of being shipped off to the war, in contrast to 21% for men who did not attend college. "Basically the feeling was, That's for other people. It's not for us," says Lawrence Korb, an associate at the Brookings Institution and an Assistant Secretary of Defense from 1981 to 1985.

For most American men now over the age of 33, the draft was as much a part of growing up as getting a driver's license. Congress had reinstated military conscription in 1940, requiring men to register when they turned 18. The unfortunate were generally drafted at 19, but a prospect remained eligible for induction until 26. The law exempted men with medical problems, as well as conscientious objectors, ministers and some in essential occupations. A key provision provided deferment for students. Yet to the horror of college students who had hoped to avoid going to Viet Nam by earning advanced degrees, the revamped Military Selective Service Act of 1967 abolished deferments for graduate study. The maximum penalty for draft dodgers: five years in prison, plus a \$10,000 fine.

As the Selective Service began sweeping more and more men into the military (283,586 in 1969), many complained, justifiably, that the selection system was still unfair. In response, a draft lottery was introduced for 1970: a number from 1 to 366 was randomly assigned to each day of the year (including Feb. 29), and men were picked for military service based on their birthdays. Quayle, born on Feb. 4, was given 210; men with numbers as high as 215 were drafted.

Yet even under the new, more equitable rules, says Korb, "anybody with a grain of sense could have beaten the



INDUCTEES ARRIVING IN KENTUCKY, '65; PROTEST IN CHICAGO, '69

For many college students, Topic A was how to avoid the call

draft." Some college students deliberately flunked their Army examinations. Others depicted themselves as conscientious objectors or fought the Selective Service System in the courts. An estimated 40,000 eligible males fled the U.S., most of them emigrating to Canada.

And a great many men joined the National Guard. Since their units generally remained in the U.S., Guardsmen were able to fulfill their military obligation with only the slimmest chance of seeing combat. Guard members were required to undergo six months of basic training and then provide part-time service, mostly on weekends, for the rest of their six-year tour. Though the Joint Chiefs of Staff had recommended in the early 1960s that the Guard be sent to Viet Nam, Army Guard units were assigned combat duty only in 1968-69. No more than 20 of the nation's approximately 4,000 units were ever called up. "What the Guard meant," says Jack Wheeler, "was not going to Viet Nam." One exception: Company D of the 151st

347,000 in 1979. The size of the Guard has climbed steadily in the 1980s, reaching 458,000 last year.

Feelings about the draft continued to run high after it was abolished. As a freshman Congressman in 1977, Quayle voted to cut off funds for President Jimmy Carter's proposed program to grant amnesty to Viet Nam draft dodgers. Yet Wheeler speculates that Quayle, like others his age, may suffer from a vague sense of shame. "Most men who did not go to Viet Nam feel a twinge of guilt," says Wheeler, adding, "It's unnecessary emotional freight." Wheeler believes Quayle should speak out about the fears and conflicted feelings that so many young men experienced during the war. Such a speech, he says, could help exorcise the demons of the Viet Nam era that still torment Americans. "It would be a real act of leadership," says Wheeler. "It would be something our generation and our country need."

—By Jacob V. Lamar

Reported by Jay Peterzell/Washington

Infantry, Indiana National Guard, served in Viet Nam from December 1968 to November 1969 and suffered 110 casualties.

With the escalation of the war, the number of weekend warriors, as Guardsmen were sardonically called, increased from about 379,000 in 1965 to 421,000 in 1966. By the end of 1968, just before Quayle enlisted, the Army National Guard had a waiting list of 100,000. In 1970 National Guard Association President James Cantwell estimated that as many as 90% of all Guard members had joined to avoid the draft. When the draft was abolished in 1972, Guard membership began to drop off, falling from 411,000 in 1974 to an all-time low of





FROM THERE TO HERE

Greens, not grades, were his boyhood concern. Dan with his father James Quayle and grandfather Eugene Pulliam at his 1969 graduation from DePauw. Married after dating for ten weeks at Indiana University law school, Marilyn and Dan display their degrees.

Family, Golf and Politics

Affable but inexperienced, Quayle is a man used to winning



"He is different from me. I'm 64 and he's 41," said George Bush of his rambunctious, arm-waving running mate. Bush's suggestion that 23 years was the most important distinction between Indiana's Senator Dan Quayle and himself set off a wave of son-of-Bush explanations for the Vice President's startling choice of a successor. But such a description shortchanges Bush and unduly enhances Quayle, whose life can be reduced, says John Palfy, his former Senate staff economist, to "family, golf and politics." The second-term Senator, of modest accomplishments, is a lot less qualified for the vice presidency than was the credential-laden Bush, an elder statesman by comparison, when he ran for the job in 1980.

But in one crucial respect, Quayle may be much like Bush. Deferential and eager to please, Quayle is more likely to be the kind of No. 2 Bush was and yearns to clone now: blindly loyal and deeply grateful. Already the exuberant Quayle seems willing to run on the list of trivial traits the Bush camp keeps hailing him for: youth (if elected, he will be the third youngest

Vice President, behind John Breckinridge and Richard Nixon); good looks (made for TV, not the silver screen—Robert Redford may have had a point when he wrote to Quayle complaining about the overdone comparisons); campaign skills (Quayle has been winning elections since he was 29); and family values.

This last seems to mean that Quayle has the requisite brood for competing in the campaign's family wars, not large enough to overshadow the podium-packing Bushes but appealing enough to get good press. Quayle lives a quiet, suburban life in McLean, Va., with three blond children and a handsome wife he married in 1972, ten weeks after their first date. The daughter of physicians, Marilyn Quayle is also a political "twofer": a lawyer who has decided not to work, she can appeal to the emerging Gloria Steinem of the G.O.P. without threatening the Phyllis Schlaflys.

Quayle's upbringing was almost as charmed as Bush's. Born in Indianapolis into the Pulliam publishing family, whose newspapers rank 18th in circulation nationwide and whose fortune is estimated at somewhere above \$1 billion, Quayle moved to Arizona when his father took

over public relations for part of the newspaper chain there. He developed a lifelong affection for golf and Senator Barry Goldwater, in that order. The family returned to Indiana during his senior year of high school, when Quayle's father became publisher of the Huntington Herald-Press. Quayle immediately became a member of the "A clique" there, according to classmates. Sunny and affable, he was jokingly called Eddie Haskell by his friends, for the *Leave It to Beaver* character who is forever ingratiating himself with adults.

Too slight for football, he concentrated on golf, somewhat to the exclusion of grades. Then he went off to small, nearby DePauw University, where he played more golf, joined the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and earned grades so mediocre (a D in his major, political science) that 13 years later, the faculty initially voted to deny him an honorary degree, although it subsequently reversed itself.

After graduating from DePauw in 1969, Quayle made a decision that would cause him much anguish 19 years later: to join the National Guard with the help of well-connected family friends. Thus pre-



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served from combat duty, he continued on his course, enrolling in Indiana University law school at night and embarking on a series of statehouse jobs during the day, including a stint in the Governor's office. After graduating, Quayle headed straight for the family business as associate publisher of the Huntington *Herald-Press*. Two years later, Republican Party leaders asked him to run against eight-term Democratic Congressman Edward Roush. He proved an energetic and engaging campaigner, and to the surprise of his own party backers, he won.

Quayle raised eyebrows in the party again in 1979, when he decided to challenge three-term Senator Birch Bayh. He was in the midst of his second undistinguished term in the House, where, according to former Democratic Congressman Floyd Fithian, "nobody, and I mean nobody, took Quayle seriously." Although Quayle would later call some of the New Right's tactics "detestable," he got help from Fundamentalist Christians and the National Conservative Political Action Committee. Brochures printed by Quayle's campaign committee suggested that Bayh supported homosexuality, sex education and federal control of church youth camps. Quayle won.

Shortly after his victory over Bayh, the second blunder of Quayle's political life came to light. Pursuing his first love, golf (he plays three times a week and has a seven-stroke handicap), he joined two other Congressmen for a weekend in a Florida cottage with Lobbyist and later *Playboy* Model Paula Parkinson. He left the day after Parkinson arrived, but not before an evening of dinner and dancing. The ensuing scandal died quickly for Quayle after an investigation that showed no impropriety. Quayle easily won his next election in 1986, when six Senators who had come in on Reagan's coattails lost. The race was not the best test of his appeal: his little-known, grossly underfinanced opponent did not air one ad or post a single mailing.

Quayle, who hired a good Senate staff, has been more active in the upper chamber than in the House. He is still a hard-line conservative, earning ratings in the high double digits from the American Conservative Union. He voted in favor of funding the *contras* and for a military buildup, especially the Strategic Defense Initiative. Although he came around in the end, he initially opposed the INF treaty as too soft on the Soviets. He would re-criminalize abortion and deny workers 60 days' mandatory plant-closing notice. He has an uneven record on civil rights, and he led the successful fight in 1986 to confirm conservative Federal Judge Daniel Manion. His tactics there offended not only foes but also fellow Republicans. He sought to change the vote of Kansas Senator Nancy Kassebaum on the Senate floor by jumping

up and down shouting at her.

But Quayle can also surprise. In 1982 he abandoned Jesse Helms and voted with his Indiana Republican colleague Richard Lugar against voluntary school prayer and, in 1986, to override Ronald Reagan's veto of economic sanctions against South Africa. As a freshman Senator, he was the Republican behind the 1982 Job Training Partnership Act, which encourages companies to train workers for jobs tailored to local needs.

There are signs that Quayle has been growing in his job, that he is no longer (if he ever was) the dumb blond

his detractors claim. But he is still a long way from having the temperament and experience needed in the person a heartbeat and a brain wave away from the presidency. In the end, Quayle may be less like Bush than Ronald Reagan—the "luckiest person in the world," according to Law School Classmate Frank Pope of Indianapolis. He may yet occasionally have to be told where to stand and what to say, but so far that has not kept him from almost always walking off with the prize. —By Margaret B. Carlson. Reported by Ted Gup/Washington and Alessandra Stanley/New Orleans

Quayle on the Record

Only hours before George Bush plucked him from obscurity last Tuesday, Indiana Senator Dan Quayle sat down for breakfast with TIME. Excerpts:

On the qualities of a running mate. If something happens to the President, which person can assume the responsibility best? That's No. 1. I heard Bush say yesterday, "I want to have the very best." Second, George Bush is a person who wants to feel comfortable, so there is this element of compatibility. Third, they are looking for somebody who doesn't hurt the ticket. Not too many of the vice-presidential nominees in the past really helped the President. There are a few who have hurt them along the way. The vice-presidential nominee probably can provide a little bit of a nudge, perhaps, one way or the other. But it's all going to come down to the last two weeks of this campaign, when it's going to be Bush vs. Dukakis.

On Bush and Reagan. People are swayed by Reagan's personal charm. That's part of the greatness of Reagan. George Bush will achieve greatness, but it's not going to be the same way as Reagan. He doesn't have that engaging speaking manner, and there is no use trying to project it if it's not there.

On civil rights. There is no doubt that the Republicans missed the boat somewhat on trying to advance civil rights. The problem we have is: Where are you going to use the Federal Government? Conservatives are very reluctant to use Government regulations, which makes them seem anti-civil rights. Yet they would use the Government to outlaw abortion. There are stark inconsistencies.

On business. This is not the party of Big Business that it has been in the past. A lot of younger Republicans like me are not terribly comfortable with Big Business. I'm talking about Big Business that doesn't want competition. Big Business did not care about the plant-closing bill. It already gives 60 days' notice. The ones who are going to be hit by that legislation are the smaller firms. Big Business would love Government-mandated benefits because they don't want some guy to come in there and compete with them and not give as much health care or pensions to employees as the big firms do.

On child care. There is a difference in the way Republicans and Democrats approach this issue. We are more inclined to put taxpayer money in the parents' hands and let them make the determination on what they think the child needs rather than creating this bureaucracy and the federal control. Conservatives haven't figured out what they want in child care and how we are going to provide that care. If the question is who is going to spend more for child care, the Democrats will win.



Providing a "little bit of nudge"



A Big Time in the Big Easy

Bork barks, Barry boils and Barbara gets snaked



In terms of style, last month's carefully choreographed Democratic Convention borrowed a leaf from the Republicans. But the even more strictly scripted Republican gathering borrowed the very themes of the Democrats. Speaker after speaker invoked the "F" word from Mario Cuomo's 1984 Democratic keynote speech: family, change, the mantra of Atlanta, was intoned just as frequently in New Orleans: Ronald Reagan used it 14 times in his farewell speech. Even compassion found its way into the Superdome, with George Bush talk-

spirited rendition of a familiar song, *Happy Days Are Here Again*. That diehard Democratic anthem, F.D.R.'s signature tune, had been handed down to such Democratic nominees as Harry Truman, John Kennedy and Walter Mondale. But since Democrats of late have had little to be cheerful about, the tune was not heard in Atlanta. Manny Harmon, the Los Angeles bandleader who has played at Republican Conventions since 1956, took note and helped make the decision to use the song. "You know, it's a Democratic song," said Harmon with a wink. "But we made a new arrangement."



Manny Harmon, doing it his way

ing about a "kinder and gentler nation."

The Republicans expropriated not only themes but also a melody. At the close of Reagan's sentimental farewell, the Superdome band struck up a

DEATH OF A SALESMAN. The Republicans consider themselves the entrepreneur's greatest patrons, but they failed to patronize one entrepreneur in the Superdome shopping arcade. Renee Donwen had a concession selling photographs of customers posing with life-size cardboard cutouts of Bush and Reagan.

In Atlanta, where Donwen featured cutouts of Michael Dukakis and Jesse Jackson, she couldn't keep the Democrats away. "I was so exhaust-

ed that I ended up insulting them and raising the price, and still they bought the picture," she said. "Here, no matter how I approach them, no one will stop. They don't want to spend their money on this sort of thing. They'd rather invest elsewhere. Like Tiffany's."

SIMILARITY BREEDS CONTENT-MENT. If the Democrats are a "rainbow coalition," the Republicans display a narrower palette. Many women in the Dome were color coordinated: their red high heels matched the royal hue of the convention's carpet. The men sported tans that matched their

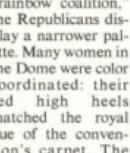
tan suits. It was all so homogeneous. Comedian Jackie Mason, wandering around the convention, observed that "everyone here looks like they have a relative who is a West Point graduate. They all look like if they had sex they wouldn't get excited. They look like they wouldn't call for help if they were drowning because they didn't want to disturb anyone. The Democrats

are a coffee-shop crowd. The Republicans look like they own the restaurant."

IT WAS FINE IF YOU COULD READ LIPS. New Orleans' great flying saucer of a building was less Superdome than Superdome. The cavernous arena seemed to swallow up the voices of the speakers. On opening night, crusty former Senator Barry Goldwater, seated in the VIP box, was cussing and complaining that no one could hear what was being said. Some delegates actually left the arena to listen to the convention on television. According to a New Orleans official, Ed McNeill, the National Education Association met in the Dome before the Republicans did and offered to split the cost of the sound system. But the Republicans said no. "They wanted their own



Mr. Conservative



First Friends in the Dome: Pat Boone, Charlton

The Envelope, Please . . .

MOST PIE-IN-THE-SKY SUGGESTION. Former Delaware Governor Pete du Pont's invitation to Jesse Jackson to join the Republicans. "The ground you seek is here, in New Orleans, in the party of Lincoln and Reagan and Bush and Kemp and Bork."

BIGGEST WINNER. The Big Easy, New Orleans, a place where it is almost impossible to have a bad meal or a bad time—and where the natives very thoughtfully do not put scales in most hotel bathrooms.

MOST OFT-REPEATED, OBVIOUS AND ULTIMATELY BORING PHRASE. This is a party town.

BEST PAIR OF LUNGS. Charmaine Neville's delightful scat-singing and good-humored blues, which had visitors dancing in the aisles at the Snug Harbor bar.

BEST ANTI-DUKAKIS SIGN. "Be aware of Greeks Wearing Lifts."

MOST CONVINCING AND SURPRISING IMPERSONATION OF A HARD-LINE CONSERVATIVE. The normally moderate New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean.

SILLIEST RHETORIC. Pat Robertson's denunciation of the French Revolution and his depiction of the A.C.L.U. as something akin to a terrorist organization.



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system, so they reinvented the wheel," he said. "It was a crummy system, and the NEA's worked fine."

MOVE OVER, BRAT PACK, HERE COMES THE BOONE BUNCH

The celebrities at the Atlanta convention appeared to be barely old enough to vote. But the more sedate stars in New Orleans may be concerned with a different issue: Social Security. Tom Selleck and Pat Boone were among the few under 60. Other visiting VIPs included Actress Helen Hayes, 87; Presidential Crony and Crooner Frank Sinatra, 72; Bandleader Lionel Hampton, 75; and Charlton Heston, 64. In keeping with the host city's culinary tastes, the kitchen at Heston's hotel prepared a little something for his arrival. The actor, who played a slave in *Ben Hur*, entered his room to be greeted by a 3-ft.-high statue of a chariot, sculpted entirely out of tallow.



Kissing Kean

ENOUGH FAMILY ALREADY. Wednesday was baby-sitting night for Gram and Grandpa Bush. With their own five offspring on the convention floor,

the Vice President and his wife minded their ten rather rambunctious grandchildren. The youngsters made such a mess that an exhausted Barbara merely shoved aside the flowers and papers on her bed and went quickly to sleep. This was much to the disappointment of the two mischievous grandchildren who had planted a great fuzzy artificial snake in Grandma's bed.

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD.

Many thought that when the Old Trouper Ronald Reagan tap-danced off the political stage, he would take the references to Tinseltown with him. Not so. Movie allusions were so common among speakers in New Orleans that the place sometimes resembled another French city: Cannes.

George Bush sought guidance in *Dragnet*: "My approach this evening is, as Sergeant Joe Friday used to say, 'Just the facts, ma'am.' " Dan



Young and restless



George Bush and elephant friend share a ride to the convention

Quayle defined himself through the silver screen: "I identify with that movie *Hoosiers*." New Jersey Governor Thomas

Kean sometimes sounded like a disgruntled movie critic: "They [the Democrats] may try to talk like Dirty Harry. But they will still act like Pee-wee Herman."

THE PARTY OF LINCOLN NEEDS TO DO SOME RETHINKIN'.

Black delegates at the Republican Convention were about as common as photographers for *Reader's Digest*. Less than 3% of the delegates were black. But while black faces were rare on the Superdome floor, a conspicuously high number turned up on the podium or in the VIP box: Muhammad Ali, former Transportation Secretary William Coleman, and Fred Brown, chairman of the National Black Republican council.

Some blacks found this offensive. Alan Keyes, a former

State Department official who is the G.O.P. candidate in Maryland's Senate race, initially refused to address the convention when organizers asked him to talk about being a "black and a Republican." "I am not going to be a token," said Keyes.

YOUR FACE LOOKS SO FAMILIAR.

When the newest conservative saint, Robert Bork, was introduced by Phyllis Schlafly at her Eagle Forum reception in the New Orleans Museum of Art, the glossy crowd applauded him like teenyboppers stomping for George Michael. The Supreme Court Wannabe appeared uncomfortable with his rock-star-like reception. After denouncing liberal judges—"We want a court, not a bunch of left-wing politicians in robes"—Bork revealed that his newfound celebrity had robbed him of his privacy in



Reaching out to the nominee

public. He noted that at a supermarket recently a woman came up to him, tugged on his sleeve and said, "Mr. Surgeon General, I believe in everything that you're doing."

—By Richard Stengel



Heston, Tom Selleck and Helen Hayes

WORST TIE. Ronald Reagan's top-half-red, bottom-half-blue cravat.

LOUDEST CLOTHES AND LOUDEST VOICE. Maureen Reagan.

MOST CANDID APPRAISAL OF THE VICE PRESIDENCY. Wyoming Senator Alan Simpson's explanation of why he did not want to be considered for the job. "My wife and I sat down and discussed it, and we made a list of the pros and cons. One side was this long," he said, spreading his arms wide. "The plus side was a big house. A nice place to marry off your daughter."

MOST DISARMING RESPONSE TO THE "IT'S NOT YOU" PHONE CALL. The Doles: After George Bush told the couple that nei-

ther of them was the vice-presidential nominee, Liddy Dole called friends and said, "It ain't us."

MOST DISARMING—AND DOUBLE-EDGED—RESPONSE TO THE NEW NOMINEE. Bob Dole's comment on calling to congratulate Quayle and learning he could not come to the telephone: "He was shaving—for the first time."



LOSERS

Robertson

Maureen

du Pont

BEST POLITICAL REVIVAL. Former President Gerald Ford, who was banished to post-prime time when convention organizers decided he was history. But Ford, who looks as though he has not aged a day since leaving the White House, gave a solid, well-reasoned speech that actually helped answer the question "Where was George?"

—R.S.

Drawing the Battle Lines

This time around, many more states are up for grabs





While the G.O.P. legions were massed in New Orleans, Michael Dukakis was waging a guerrilla campaign deep in Republican territory. He popped up in Alabama, Florida and Texas, contrasting what he later called his attachment to Main Street with Republican roistering on Bourbon Street. The incursion was central to his strategy. For weeks Dukakis has been traveling to states as small as North Dakota and as large as California that have gone Republican in recent presidential elections. He even told Floridians, in defiance of all conventional wisdom, "I believe we're going to win here."

Dukakis' itinerary and his choice of a Texan as running mate show that his strategists have no respect for what is known as the "electoral lock." That concept, based on voting patterns of the previous generation, posits that Republican candidates start with a huge advantage in reaching the magic number of 270 electoral votes. In the past five elections, 23 states, with a total of 202 electoral votes, have gone solidly Republican. Except in Jimmy Carter's narrow victory in 1976, the South and the West were the most loyal Republican regions.

This seemingly implacable trend forced Democrats into small-bore strategies as they sought to concentrate on the minimum of states necessary to yield 270. But this year promises to be different. After Labor Day, Dukakis and Bush should

be about evenly matched in electoral votes they can probably count on. A careful look at the map shows Bush and Dukakis each starting with relatively reliable bases almost identical in size—115 electoral votes for Bush, 112 for Dukakis.

Like all other U.S. elections, this one will boil down to individual skirmishes in a handful of key states. Seven of the largest, with a total of 184 votes, form the no-man's-land in which the contest will be decided. Says Republican Consultant Stuart Spencer: "It's going to be a hell of a fight, with no prisoners taken. In the end, they'll be in the same states." What makes the current map such a crazy quilt is that the major battlegrounds stretch from New Jersey and Pennsylvania in the East through Ohio, Michigan and Illinois in the Midwest, to Texas and California. Several smaller border states, such as Kentucky and Tennessee, are also within reach of either Bush or Dukakis. Rarely since World War II has so much terrain in all regions been up for grabs.

The erratic pattern of economic recovery has created Democratic opportunities in several states that otherwise would be counted as Republican, such as Iowa, Oregon and Colorado. Unlike Reagan and Richard Nixon, Bush has no firm ties with the West. "What scares me," says a Republican planner, "is the realization that the West is a G.O.P. stronghold but not at all a Bush stronghold." Dukakis

has also benefited from the five-month hiatus in Bush's visibility after the Republican nomination was effectively settled on Super Tuesday.

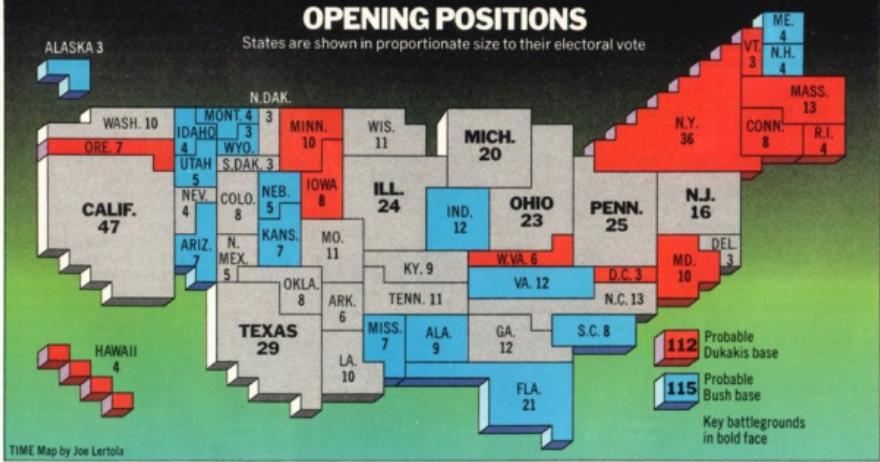
Dukakis reinforced his strategy when he chose Lloyd Bentsen as his running mate, challenging Bush in Texas and hoping to appeal to Democrats who had supported Reagan. Bush's selection of Dan Quayle, while packaged as a brave generational leap, was in fact an act of consolidation. Quayle adds nothing to Bush's strength in terms of geography or ideology. The Democrats want to keep the G.O.P. off-balance by aiming their geographic blitz at some 30 states with about 400 electoral votes. Says Charlie Baker, Dukakis' national field director: "By keeping that many states and electoral votes on the table, we essentially are turning the tables on the Republicans." That strategy also forces Bush to spend time and money protecting large states like Texas and Florida that should otherwise fall easily into the Republican column.

While Bush's top advisers will not admit it, they are being forced into a relatively defensive electoral-map strategy. Because they cannot be certain of taking nearly all the South and the West, they must hone in on specific states to assure themselves of at least 270. Campaign Manager Lee Atwater predicts that Dukakis will bleed himself to exhaustion besieging Texas, then retreat because of Texan resistance to a Greek liberal from Massachusetts.

Atwater shares the common view that Democrats who defected to Reagan in 1980 and 1984 are the "single most important swing group in this campaign." As

OPENING POSITIONS

States are shown in proportionate size to their electoral vote.





both camps decide exactly which states to target for maximum attention, they have no doubt that they must court the white Southerners and ethnic blue-collar families in other regions who helped Reagan win his landslides. Many of these are older voters who, according to polls by the Times Mirror Co., are patriotic, conservative on social questions, and concerned about the economy.

To woo these so-called Reagan Democrats, Dukakis promises "good jobs at good wages." He says he will somehow provide day care, medical care for the elderly, and housing for the poor. Stylistically, Dukakis has been following Reagan's example, using patriotic symbols and man-of-the-people gestures. At a ral-

ly in Modesto, Calif., Dukakis and Benten appeared before waving flags, with the Pledge of Allegiance as prologue and *God Bless America* as background music. Dukakis is attempting the difficult trick of coming across as the urban sophisticate to moderates and as an earthy ethnic to working-class voters.

Republicans are trying desperately to pry those images apart. While giving nods to some of the same social needs Dukakis addresses, Bush and his aides want to depict Dukakis as a reckless leftist soft on every bad guy, from convicted murderer to drug pusher to the Ayatollah. The criticism directed at Dukakis' weakness in defense policy is a tocsin meant to alarm the Reagan Democrats. But, as Republican

Pollster Richard Wirthlin points out, it is difficult to use these arguments on more sophisticated moderates. By choosing Quayle and by orchestrating the convention as a symphony of criticism of his opponent's "Dukak-eyed" views, as Bob Dole put it, Bush seems to be sacrificing the moderates in favor of the more conservative Reagan Democrats.

By no coincidence, these voters hold the balance in critical toss-up states like Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania, where Dukakis will campaign this week. Bush visited Illinois and Ohio soon after his nomination, contesting the large expanse of no-man's-land where the next President will be chosen. —By Laurence L. Barrett/
New Orleans

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Riding into the Sunset

The gracious little speeches of meeting and parting by Ronald Reagan and George Bush were finished. Grandchildren hopped about the New Orleans tarmac; wives chatted. Bush steered Reagan to the foot of the ramp, leaned close to his ear and told him he had chosen Dan Quayle to be his running mate. The President never changed his expression. But something happened, more felt than seen.

"He's told him," whispered one journalist. The tableau of political power that had played out with Reagan at the pinnacle had reversed. The Vice President was telling the President a secret. The Bush crowd went off to its rally. Reagan, arm around Nancy, went slowly up the ramp, turned at the top and gave a wave and a smile. A touch of sadness in the presidential eye, a hint of a slump in the shoulders? Reporters rushing to the rear door of the jet thought they saw it. On board, Reagan told his aides that the singular rite of passage with Bush "seemed natural." It is still a tough season for an old campaigner, sliding down the far side of the mountain.

The memories reach out and claim him even more these days. Before he left for New Orleans, he leaned forward in his chair in the Oval Office and recalled when it all started back in 1964. "Talk about a thrill," he said. "That was the speech that I made on behalf of Barry Goldwater. There was some question on the part of some of his staff. After I'd done the speech, I went to bed worrying. But around midnight I got a call from his campaign manager telling me that the switchboards were still lighted up." Beginnings leave deeper marks than endings.

But Reagan's juices were flowing before New Orleans, the prospects of a huge audience focused on him for a day. "I think television gives us back something that our size has taken away from us," Reagan said. "Stump speaking? What



Now it's Bush who tells the secrets

did that mean? It meant that the candidate went out and he got up on a stump to speak face to face with the people. Today, with 240 million Americans, there's no way a candidate can do that. But television offers you that."

Some 27 million Americans tuned in to watch him on last Monday night's lavish Superdome stump as he kidded, cataloged his Administration's record, pumped up Bush and walked down memory lane. "We lit a prairie fire a few years back," he said. "What times we've had." Though his address was too crowded with his "stubborn" facts, a bit too long, there was enough old magic to hold his audience.

Goldwater, slowed by his hip ailment, sat in the Vice President's box. Somebody asked how he was. "Great from the waist up," he said. "From the waist down, not worth a damn." Political Consultant Clif White, one of the principal architects of modern conservatism, stood on the convention floor and felt the tug of history. "Reagan has held off these young people for a generation," he said. "Now it's time." Maybe the main reason for Dan Quayle.

After their convention valedictories, the Reagans gave a reception for longtime friends back at their New Orleans hotel. The Charles Wicks were there. So was Betsy Bloomingdale. Weatherman Willard Scott, who played White House Santa Claus, attended, as did Actor Tom Selleck, who helped Nancy in her antidrug campaign. Long after midnight the Reagans held forth, savoring every tribute, clinging to the echoes of the old army.

Next day Air Force One fled west to Santa Barbara. As they flew, Ronald Reagan wondered about building some new fence on the ranch, and how long after he retires it will take to break up the presidential helicopter pad and return the mountainside to its natural state. ■

Neither "Negligent" nor "Culpable"

The Pentagon rules out punishment for the Iran Airbus shootdown

The legendary 19th century Military Theorist Karl von Clausewitz called it simply the "fog of war," that unfathomable combination of human personality, weapons performance and just plain luck that makes battle so unpredictable. This "fog," the Pentagon declared last week, was largely to blame for the tragic decision by the U.S.S. *Vincennes* on July 3 to shoot down Iran Air Flight 655, killing 290 civilians.

Captain Will C. Rogers III ordered two missiles launched at the Airbus, a Navy board of inquiry concluded, for two reasons only: the plane was heading directly toward his ship in a combat situation,

turn. "Things were falling in the CIC [combat information center], lights were flickering, and in the background, guns were booming," said Carlucci. The sound of bullets hitting the ship's hull rattled the crew. Rogers, said Crowe, had to assume that the "relentlessly closing" aircraft, which had taken off from a Bandar Abbas airport used by the military, was part of the Iranian attack unless he could prove otherwise. Said Crowe: "The proof never came."

Initially, the Navy placed great weight on the detection of a so-called Mode II IFF (identification, friend or foe) signal from the approaching aircraft that identified it as an F-14 Tomcat jet fighter.



The *Vincennes*: "Things were falling, lights were flickering, guns were booming"

and it had not responded to twelve radio demands that it identify itself. Thus it had to be considered hostile. In a 53-page unclassified version of a 1,000-page report, the Pentagon admitted that the Iranian aircraft was not descending toward the *Vincennes* or emitting military identifying signals, as the Navy originally claimed.

These misreadings of radar data were attributed to "human errors" made by the ship's crew. But Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci insisted they were not crucial in triggering Rogers' decision to act. Contrary to the implications of an earlier, leaked version of the report, Carlucci said, no one will be punished, because "these mistakes were not due to negligence or culpability."

Both Carlucci and Admiral William Crowe, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, stressed that the *Vincennes*' captain, while under the difficult circumstances of engaging armed Iranian speedboats, had less than four minutes in which to make his fateful decision. The ship was heeling at 32° in a sharp

Although crew members on the *Vincennes* CIC claimed to have seen this military signal, tape recordings show only a Mode III code, which is used by both civilian and military aircraft.

Why the false reading? The report cites "stress, task fixation and unconscious distortion of data" by the crew as likely causes. Whatever the IFF signal, Crowe said, Rogers would not have relied on it alone, since Iranian military aircraft

have been known to use Mode III to hide their identity. The report said the Airbus was not using its normal weather radar, which would have conclusively identified it as civilian.

Several critical technical questions remain unanswered. The air control tower at Bandar Abbas had been talking regularly by radio to the Airbus, but the Navy did not explain why the *Vincennes* failed to monitor these communications. Shipboard commercial-flight schedules showed that Iran Air Flight 655 should be in the air about this time, but nobody reacted when an officer standing behind Rogers in the CIC raised the possibility that the oncoming airplane was a commercial flight.

Carlucci stressed that Rogers' decision must be seen in the context of the shooting war going on in the Persian Gulf. In May 1987, 37 American seamen were killed when the U.S.S. *Stark* was hit by two Exocet missiles launched by an Iraqi airplane. Critics complained then that indecision by the captain and overly restrictive rules of engagement had prevented the *Stark* from taking defensive action. Earlier this year, an Iranian boat and jet each launched a missile at the U.S.S. *Wainwright*. Both Carlucci and Crowe emphasized Iran's culpability in sending a commercial aircraft over a battle at sea.

Despite the catalog of errors committed by the crew, Carlucci accepted the report's recommendation that "no disciplinary or administrative action should be taken against any U.S. naval personnel associated with this incident." He reversed the recommendation of a senior reviewing officer that a nonpunitive letter of censure be issued to one lieutenant commander for "failing to verify the data." Any letter sent under the intense publicity surrounding the incident, Carlucci explained, would be "punitive."

For centuries, military commanders were held accountable for failure, even when not directly responsible. That dictum was ignored when 241 U.S. servicemen died in the 1983 Beirut barracks truck-bombing. It was further eroded when the *Stark*'s captain, Glenn Brindel, who was accused of a "lack of readiness," received a reprimand after his ship failed to respond to the Iraqi attack but was not court-martialed and was allowed to retire quietly.

The decision to absolve everyone in the *Vincennes* disaster follows this recent pattern. U.S. military-combat rules now in force in the gulf are intentionally tilted toward the saving of American lives. Yet Crowe's conclusion that "Captain Rogers acted reasonably and did what his nation expected of him in the defense of his ship and crew" is little consolation to the survivors of those who died on Flight 655 or to the collective American conscience.

—By Bruce van Voorst/Washington



Carlucci and Crowe presenting the Navy board of inquiry report
Breaking with the tradition of command accountability.

American Notes



NEVADA The U.S.-Soviet test team



LOUISVILLE Bingham's watery gift



SCHOOLS Escalante fights distractions

NEVADA

Cheering An A-Test

Within 30 seconds of the nuclear blast last Wednesday, a phone rang in the control room 30 miles away. Soviet Scientist Viktor Mikhailov picked it up. He punched the air to register glee at receiving precise information on the bomb yield; the control room burst into applause. The underground test, the group was celebrating, however, was American, held at remote Pahute Mesa, Nev. Seven Soviets were in the control room to gauge whether measuring devices accurately calculated how powerful the explosion had been.

Next month a U.S. team will similarly monitor a Soviet nuclear test at Semipalatinsk, U.S.S.R. The idea: to make sure that both sides can verify whether a test yields more or less than 150 kilotons. If the joint-verification experiment is successful, the U.S. and the Soviet Union could at last ratify two treaties that ban more powerful tests, and the world might be a tiny bit safer.

LOUISVILLE

Too Late the Fountain

Barry Bingham Sr. barely missed the unveiling of his own monument. After a family tiff

prompted him to sell the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and other media properties in 1986, the former publisher put \$2.6 million from the sale into financing what is supposed to be the world's tallest (400 ft.) floating fountain. Its 41 jets will spout 15,800 gal. of Ohio River water every minute in a 20-minute computer-controlled cycle of designs, culminating in the *fleur-de-lis*, Louisville's official symbol. Tens of thousands gathered Friday night to watch the fountain's spectacular debut. Bingham was not among them. He died four days earlier, at 82.

WEATHER

The Summer Takes Its Toll

Comfort has not been the only thing destroyed by this summer's steam-bath weather. Some lives have been snuffed out too. Cook County Chief Medical Examiner Robert Stein counts 39 heat-related deaths so far in Chicago and its environs. Missouri has registered 30 deaths and 572 cases of heat-related illness. (The term encompasses both heatstroke and other conditions, like heart trouble, that are aggravated by the hot weather.) Many of the victims are old, poor or both. But not all: two men in their 20s died competing in New York City footraces.

Authorities suspect many heat deaths go unreported as

such; they are registered as fatalities from heart attack, stroke or other illness. Health-workers will eventually compare actual deaths with normal mortality statistics to get a more accurate figure. On that basis, the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta will compare this year's toll with a record of more than 1,700 deaths in the scorching summer of 1980. This year air conditioning is more prevalent. But the nation also has more heat-susceptible elderly people—and there may still be more sweltering weeks ahead.

LOS ANGELES

Monuments to Wackiness

Now that Los Angeles has become an immigration gateway that rivals New York City at the turn of the century, Angelenos want a monument like the Statue of Liberty. But nothing so staid as Lady Liberty will do. Instead, plans call for a welcoming monument to be suspended in the air above a freeway, and the five semi-festive designs chosen last week by a blue-ribbon committee were all unconventional, to say the least.

One is a giant bird, one a towering fountain of water, one a large video screen showing the face of George Washington and a message that "the measurement of the American dream is The Dollar." The other two are—

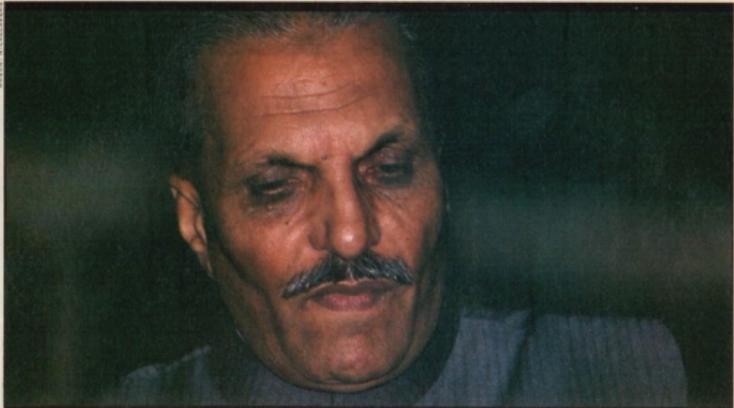
well, it is hard to say what exactly. Nick Patsouras, head of the design committee, says that all will be "radically changed" before a final winner is chosen. Some Los Angeles citizens devoutly hope so. Says Susan Kirvin-Cox, spokeswoman for the city's Visitors and Convention Bureau: "We need to get away from that wacky, weird image that everybody has of us."

SCHOOLS

Hollywood's Bad Example

The movie *Stand and Deliver* has turned James A. Garfield High School in East Los Angeles into a worldwide symbol of educational hope. Its barrio-bound Hispanic students were inspired by Teacher Jaime Escalante to achieve startlingly high scores in that difficult subject calculus. But now the scores are falling. Only 46% of participating Garfield students passed a rigorous College Board math exam this year, vs. 65% in 1987.

Escalante blames the film, says Principal Maria Elena Tostado. "He said the kids saw the movie so many times they thought passing the test was going to be as easy as the movie made it out to be. He said they didn't know it was so much hard work." A contributing factor: the distraction caused by endless visits from celebrities.



World

PAKISTAN

Death in the Skies

A suspicious crash kills President Zia and destabilizes a nation

Mohammed Zia ul-Haq spent his last hours on a dusty patch of desert in remote Bahawalpur, 330 miles south of Islamabad, Pakistan's capital. Accompanied by U.S. Ambassador Arnold Raphel, the Pakistani President watched field tests of the American-made M-1 Abrams tank, which he was interested in buying for his country's army. After spending the day observing the high-tech vehicle climb around the dunes, Zia, Raphel and a large entourage boarded a U.S.-built C-130 transport to fly back to the military airport at Rawalpindi, near Islamabad.

The plane was in the air no more than a few minutes when disaster struck. Witnesses say black smoke belched from the aircraft's fuselage. Seconds later the plane was engulfed in a ball of fire, and villagers on the ground watched with horror as it plummeted to the earth, tumbling nose over tail like a toy as it fell. The huge turboprop bounced twice after hitting the sandy plain, then came down a third and final time, exploding on impact. All 30 people aboard were killed, including Zia, 64; Raphel, 45; Brigadier General Herbert Wassom, 49, the chief of the U.S. military mission in Pa-

kistan; and five top Pakistani generals. "It was so hot we could not get close," said a distressed villager who rushed to the scene. "We could not help them."

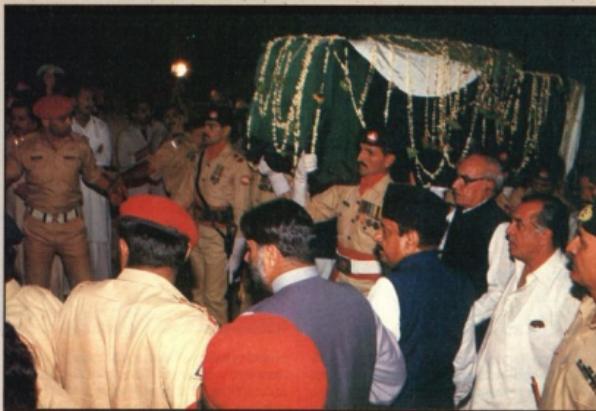
The crash, which officials immediately labeled suspicious, came at a crucial time for Pakistan and the entire region in which Zia had made himself a major diplomatic player. During his eleven years in power, longer than any other Pakistani head of state, Zia brooked little opposition at home and failed to groom a successor. Last May he summarily dismissed his handpicked civilian government and re-established one-man rule, thus ensuring a legacy of political disarray. Said Benazir Bhutto, whose Pakistan People's Party has led recent agitation to restore civilian rule: "I do not regret the death of Zia."

Abrupt, Zia pursued a shrewd foreign policy that aligned him squarely with the West. He used the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the revolution in Iran to make Pakistan the West's bulwark in Southwest Asia. He welcomed some 3 million Afghan refugees who poured over Pakistan's western border to escape the civil war, and enthusiastically helped ship U.S. and Chinese arms to the Afghan

rebels. His reward: more than \$700 million this year in U.S. aid. Secretary of State George Shultz last week called Zia a "great fighter for freedom." Shultz led the U.S. delegation to Zia's Saturday funeral in Islamabad, which was thronged by 200,000 mourners. Robert Oakley, the Near East expert for the National Security Council, has been designated the new U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan.

Zia was succeeded by Ghulam Ishaq Khan, 73, who as chairman of the Senate was next in line to the presidency. Regarded widely as a transitional figure, Ishaq Khan declared a state of emergency and appointed an emergency council that the military is expected to dominate. He heartened Pakistan's democratic opposition, however, by announcing that elections would take place in November as planned.

Even before teams of U.S. and Pakistani investigators had begun sorting through the wreckage of the plane, many were convinced that its passengers were victims of terrorism. Officials speculated that Zia's plane was either struck by a surface-to-air missile or, more likely, blown up by a bomb planted aboard and detonated by remote control from the ground.



A military honor guard at Islamabad airport receives the body of the late President after its transport from the site of the tragedy. The transitional leader is Senate Chairman Ghulam Ishaq Khan, the bespectacled mourner on the right side of the procession. The emerging strongman, however, may be General Mirza Aslam Baig, the new army chief of staff.

Said Riaz Mohammed Khan, a spokesman for the Pakistan government: "Personally, I am 100% sure—not 99%, 100%—that it was sabotage."

One prime suspect is the Khad, the Soviet-trained Afghan secret police, which in the past several years has been blamed for hundreds of terrorist bombings in Pakistan. Over the past few months, Kabul and Moscow have issued strident warnings to Islamabad to stop allowing arms for the Afghan rebels, or *mujahedin*, to be smuggled across the Pakistani border into Afghanistan. Just days before Zia's death, the Kremlin issued a statement saying the Pakistani actions could not "be further tolerated." But many Western diplomats doubt that Moscow would go so far as assassinating Zia, and it is assumed that the Khad would not have acted without Soviet approval.

If the Khad did not blow up Zia's plane, the President had a long list of other enemies with a motive for doing so, including militant political opposition groups and dissidents within the army. "Zia didn't have many friends left," said a U.S. congressional staffer. "Those who didn't dislike him hated him."

To his enemies, Zia was rightly seen as tough, uncompromising, even brutal. He ordered hundreds of dissidents arrested and imprisoned under the harshest conditions, and many were publicly flogged, in accordance with his policy of applying Islamic law to wrongdoers. Those who cultivated private relationships with Zia, however, came away with another impression—that of a soft-spoken, self-effacing, often charming man who viewed himself as a servant of the people. "I really have been a reluctant ruler," he told a group of reporters recently. "But I am not a person to just give up in disgust and walk away. I am determined to stay here until I solve all of the many problems that continue to face our country."

Zia seized power in July 1977, 14 months after being appointed army chief of staff by Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, Benazir's father. "I am a military man," the general said at the time. "I will step down soon." But he did not. He had the popular Bhutto arrested for conspiring to murder a political opponent. Two years later, despite international pleas and protests, Bhutto was hanged.

In the years following his coup, Zia suppressed political activity, frequently justifying his actions by saying Pakistan was not ready for democracy. Only in the mid-1980s did he reluctantly loosen his grip on power, sponsoring highly restrictive nonparty elections. He then confined himself to foreign and military affairs, while his choice for Prime Minister, Mohammed Khan Junejo, steadily accrued political power at home.

Last May, acting under pressure from hard-liners in the military who resented Junejo's attempts to increase civilian control, Zia dissolved the government. His sudden death thus leaves Pakistan with neither a strong military leader nor a functioning civilian government. For the future, the man to watch is General Mirza Aslam Baig, 57, whom Ishaq Khan appointed to be the new army chief of staff, Pakistan's most powerful military post. A quiet man with an aloof manner, Baig is described by those who know him as a professional soldier with no political ambitions. Baig attended the tank trials along with Zia but had to make another stop on the way to Rawalpindi and therefore returned on a different plane. Unlike some other generals, Baig treated Junejo and his government with respect, and Western diplomats hope he will support a return to civilian rule. Few believe, however, that the military will readily give up its tradi-

tional prerogatives. One Western diplomat described the domination of the emergency council by military officers, both active and retired, as "the edge of the wedge" that will usher in military rule.

Pakistan's numerous and frustrated political parties may take to the streets if the scheduled elections are not held, Benazir Bhutto said from her Karachi home that she was satisfied the new government was following the constitution by allowing the Nov. 16 elections to proceed. Some analysts have speculated that Zia deliberately scheduled the ballot for November to thwart Bhutto's political ambitions; she is due to give birth to her first child in December. In any event, a return to the tumultuous party politics of her father's day is for the moment proscribed by Zia's ban on party endorsements for candidates. Bhutto's party is petitioning the Supreme Court to overturn the prohibition.

In the West, meanwhile, there is concern that Zia's death may mean that Pakistan will retreat from its vigorous support of the Afghan rebels. Zia had personally supervised the CIA-financed and Pakistani-run operations that gave sanctuary, training and arms to Afghan resistance fighters. Though many Pakistanis opposed aiding the rebels, Pentagon officials are convinced that General Baig and his senior military staff know where their interests lie. "The geopolitical realities remain even if Zia is gone," said a Defense Department official. "Pakistan cannot accept a Soviet-dominated Afghanistan on one border and India on the other." Those who consider Pakistan an ally can only hope that Zia's successor believes as fervently in those realities as Zia did.

—By Michael S. Serrill,
Reported by Ross H. Munro/Islamabad and
Bruce van Voorst/Washington

AFGHANISTAN

Careful Exit from An Endless War

As the Soviets split, the government and rebels take over the battlefield

Skimming over the bone-dry terrain of northwestern Afghanistan at 150 m.p.h., the Soviet pilot of the Mi-8 helicopter gunship hugs the ground, popping over hills and swooping through narrow ravines in the hope of surprising rebel units in his path. The strain of contour flying less than 100 ft. off the ground shows on the faces of the intent three-man crew as they scan the hostile terrain for an enemy who could turn up anywhere: behind the mud walls of a sprawling village, among goat herds whose flock scatters at the deafening beat of the rotors, in a rocky defile just over the next rise. The gunner, edgy, fires a burst from a nose-mounted gun into an arid hillside. As the chopper passes through a likely ambush site, the pilot releases a string of flares to divert heat-seeking Stinger anti-aircraft missiles. The only time the men's faces relax is when they pass over homeland-bound Soviet troops, who wave to their airborne protectors.

The Soviet troops who withdrew from Afghanistan last week spent their final hours in the war zone rolling along potholed roads through regions still under the control of the *mujahedin*. With half of Moscow's 115,000-man invasion army now gone, complying with the Aug. 15 deadline, the Islamic insurgents remain a force to be reckoned with despite the more than eight-year Soviet campaign to wipe them out.

The Soviets took no chances two weeks ago when a column of 1,500 men in 300 armored personnel carriers and trucks made its bumpy way 400 miles from Kandahar, a ruin of a city in the southwest, through Herat, where the Soviets retain a major base, to the Soviet border. Though officers explained that they had agreed to an informal truce with Ismael Khan, the most powerful rebel chieftain in the Herat area, they plainly did not place much stock in the understanding. The two-mile-long column rarely left the cover of Soviet artillery set high on ridges or the protection of clattering helicopter gunships. The pre-

cautions served their purpose: over a period of two weeks, the withdrawal convoys suffered no casualties.

Days before the column set out, Fazl Haq Khaleqir, the governor of Herat province, told a group of Western journalists that he had made peace with most of the rebel groups in his region. But as the column rolled toward the provincial capital, it became clear that there was a threat.



In Kushka, a trooper gets a welcome-home hug
Said a Soviet lieutenant: "Obviously, it is time to leave."

Tanks and artillery dug in every few hundred yards covered the approaches to the city. Hostile Afghans greeted the soldiers, and a rock thrown by someone in the crowd caromed off a vehicle. When journalists tried to walk around the city, armed teenage Afghan members of the Communist Party youth organization blocked the way. Just then an embarrassed Governor Fazl Haq appeared to tell the reporters that they were free to stroll around. When the newsmen tried to take him up on his offer, the Afghans rounded them up at gunpoint. Their explanation: rebels prowling the city might mistake Western journalists for Soviets and kill them.

The next morning the column left Herat for the remaining 3½-hour ride to the frontier. As soon as the vehicles rumbled across the Soviet border into Kushka,



broad smiles spread across the faces of troopers who had been tense through much of the journey; a few jumped off their vehicles to dance with local Turkmen women. For the men in the convoy and an additional 10,000 withdrawn during the past two weeks, the war was over. Asked what the pullback meant to them, the soldiers generally repeated the official line of having "fulfilled their internationalist duty," though one lieutenant was more candid. Said he: "Obviously, it is time to leave. Gorbachev himself said that Afghanistan was something of a mistake."

A mistake? A cause unworthy of more Soviet blood? Certainly. But Moscow is still determined to stand by its Communist allies in Afghanistan—at least until a suitable alternative emerges. In an interview with TIME, Nikolai Yegorychev, the Soviet Ambassador in Kabul, reiterated that Moscow saw the only solution as a compromise government involving both Communists and the *mujahedin*. Said he: "The problems facing Afghanistan cannot be solved militarily. A political settlement is essential."

Translated, that means Moscow will continue to help the Najibullah government avoid military defeat. Earlier this month the regime's forces lost two provincial capitals in the northeast: Taloqan, a relatively insignificant small city, and Kunduz, a strategic strong point. Though Afghan troops, supported by Soviet air power, subsequently recaptured Kunduz, Moscow apparently regarded the setbacks as serious enough to quash earlier suggestions that the 50,000 troops still in Afghanistan might be home by the end of the year, well ahead of the Feb. 15, 1989, deadline established under the Geneva accords signed by Afghanistan, the Soviet Union, Pakistan and the U.S. Said Soviet Foreign Ministry Spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov: "The situation in Afghanistan does not give grounds to accelerate the withdrawal of Soviet troops."

According to U.S. intelligence sources, in fact, the regime regained Kunduz only after Soviet fighter-bombers based in the



Swooping over hills and through ravines: two Mi-24 helicopters return from a mission

lah's forces] have fought much better than expected."

Nor are their Soviet allies willing to see them beaten in a major engagement, as they nearly were at Kunduz. The city of about 40,000, straddling a main road to the Soviet border 37 miles away, fell to units of Jamiat-i-Islami and Gulbuddin's Hezb-e-Islami six days after the 10,000-man Soviet garrison pulled out. The guerrillas overran the government defenders and freed the prisoners at the local jail, but failed to capture the heavily defended airport. Within two days government reinforcements closed in, and Soviet aircraft went to work. After three days of fighting, the *mujahedin* withdrew; according to TASS, twelve Afghan troops and 173 insurgents died (the latter figure possibly includes civilian casualties). The Kunduz affair apparently triggered a shake-up in the Afghan military. TASS reported that Najibullah had appointed a new Defense Minister and army chief of staff.

In the wake of Kunduz and other rebel setbacks, Western analysts' predictions

Soviet Union blasted and strafed rebel positions, reducing portions of the city to rubble. Washington considers the sorties a violation of the Geneva accords, as well as a serious threat to the *mujahedin*'s efforts on the battlefield. If the Soviets fear that their Afghan comrades are not tough enough to fend off the *mujahedin*, Western analysts and rebel leaders have quite the opposite

concern: so far, Najibullah's troops have been showing more gumption than expected. Around Jalalabad, a city the Soviets left three months ago, Afghan troops have thrown back repeated rebel assaults. So far, the *mujahedin* are holding only two dozen small towns. Concedes a senior aide to Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, leader of a rebel Hezb-e-Islami faction: "They [Najibul-

A Soviet chopper pilot's nightmare: a mujahedin unit and their antiaircraft gun in the mountains of southern Afghanistan

TONY O'BRIEN—PICTURE GROUP





The rewards of fulfilling an "internationalist duty": Soviet soldiers feast on cider, melon and bread at festivities outside Kushka

that major Afghan cities would fall quickly once the Soviets pulled out look overly optimistic. Says a Western diplomat in Kabul: "The *mujahedin* are not capable of waging large-scale conventional warfare. The regime still has superior firepower and transport capacity.

The guerrillas learned that the hard way at Kandahar last week when insurgents of Jamiat-i-Islami broke off attacks on strategic high ground around Baba Wali, a heavily fortified point overlooking the city, after coming under air and artillery barrages from entrenched government forces. An assault by fighters of Yunis Khalis' Hezb-e-Islami last month on outposts screening Jalalabad was similarly thrown back at the cost of as many as 50 *mujahedin* lives. Such large-scale attacks under heavy fire are something new for the guerrilla forces. Says Abdul Qadir, a senior rebel commander with Khalis: "The *mujahedin* are not ready to risk high casualties."

Instead, the resistance has been adopting the Maoist strategy of controlling the countryside, isolating towns and cities, and gradually wearing down government morale through rocket barrages. Earlier this month, a huge munitions dump near Kalagay was blown up, reportedly claiming hundreds of Soviet lives. Last week Najibullah's enemies scored a propaganda coup when his brother Sediqullah Rahi, 37, turned up in

Washington to announce his defection and call his brother "mentally deranged." Though heavy combat has not touched the capital, Kabul, the sights and sounds of war intrude almost daily. At the airport planes follow a narrow corkscrew flight path down to the runway rather than risk flying in low over hostile territory. Day in and day out, the crump of outgoing artillery echoes through the city as government forces try to keep the *mujahedin* off balance.

Moscow and Kabul's answer to the emerging rebel strategy of slow strangulation is to dig in at a few strongholds—Kabul, Jalalabad, Herat, Faizabad, Ghazni, Kandahar and Mazar-i-Sharif—and

await a change in the military or political equation that could give them an advantage. Most of the remaining 50,000 Soviet troops are garrisoned in Kabul and Shindand, the huge air base in western Afghanistan, as well as in Herat and a few other cities along the main roads to the Soviet border. As many as 100,000 Afghan troops are deployed in the same areas and at dozens of smaller outposts.

If most of the Soviet forces remain in place until late this year or early 1989, as the Kremlin indicated last week, they will almost certainly guarantee Najibullah's survival through next winter. Moscow continues to supply the regime with a bountiful flow of weapons and ammunition, and has announced long-term aid and economic agreements.

The Soviets hope to prop up Najibullah long enough to allow a transition to a more broadly based regime friendly to the Soviet Union. Whatever the stripes of the new regime, Moscow aims to have it seeded with friends open to continued Soviet access to gas fields and copper and oil deposits that it has developed in the north. Says Ambassador Yegorychev: "There is no doubt that we have our national interests here. Our main interest is that Afghanistan be a good neighbor of the Soviet Union." —By Edward W. Desmond. Reported by T.A. Davis/Peshawar, Ross H. Munro/Kabul and Ken Olsen/Moscow



Sounding the retreat: a band plays for Moscow's departing troops
"Gorbachev said Afghanistan was something of a mistake."

World

MIDDLE EAST

Sometimes a Great Notion

Facing fresh pressures, the P.L.O. debates recognizing Israel

A first Yasser Arafat refused to speak with journalists. When he finally granted an interview to the Saudi Arabian newspaper *Asharq al Awsat*, a bile of irritation coated his words. He was never consulted before King Hussein cut Jordan's links with the West Bank last month, he complained. Yet that move dumped into his lap the responsibility for administering the occupied territory and for trying to recover it from Israel.

But if Arafat was initially stunned, the Middle East was abuzz last week with speculation that Hussein's shove may finally push the chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization into doing the unthinkable: recognizing Israel's right to exist. Such a gesture, which would amount to an unprecedented P.L.O. peace proposal, has long been demanded by the U.S. and Israel before they would even contemplate talking with the P.L.O.

Deep skepticism is in order. The P.L.O.'s 24-year history is replete with rumors of imminent peace overtures soon followed by truculent denials. Arafat is infamous for his ambiguous pronouncements and retracted statements. With reason: in the past, hard-liners within his fractious organization who consider all of Israel to be Palestinian

land have angrily denounced talk of recognizing Israel as treason.

What is different now is that the P.L.O. has never before been under such pressure to seize the initiative. Hussein's decision and the growing impatience of leaders of



West Bank civil servants collect their final paychecks from Jordan

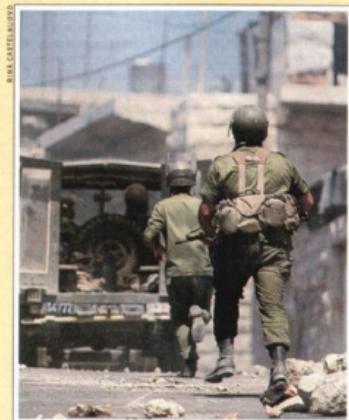
the eight-month-old uprising in the West Bank and Gaza Strip to transform their revolt into political gains may finally force Arafat to compromise. Says Edward Said, a prominent Palestinian American who is a professor at Columbia University: "The P.L.O. realizes that this is a his-

torical opportunity that should not be muffed."

Meeting in Baghdad last week, the 15-member P.L.O. executive committee approved a proposal establishing a provisional government in the occupied territories as a step toward creating an independent Palestinian state. At the same time, a ten-member P.L.O. working group is forging a new political program that, among other things, would endorse U.N. Resolution 181. Known as the Partition Plan and adopted in 1947, the year before Israel was founded, it called for Palestine to be divided into two states, one Jewish, one Arab. By accepting the resolution, albeit 41 years after it was initially offered, the P.L.O. for the first time would be acknowledging Israel's legal right to statehood. As one of the P.L.O.'s draft proposals puts it, "The Palestinian people do not desire the annihilation of the state of Israel. Rather, they wish to live peacefully as its neighbor."

A P.L.O. delegation traveled to Egypt last week and won President Hosni Mubarak's support for a plan to "offer through a provisional government a political program that would be internationally acceptable," a P.L.O. official said. Speaking to the Paris weekly *Journal du Dimanche*, Arafat's second in command, Salah Khalaf, said the new agenda "would be completely different" from the 1968 National Charter calling for "armed struggle" to destroy Israel.

Arafat plans to submit the proposals



Cracking down in the occupied territories

Shin Bet's Secret Drive

In their latest effort to quell the *intifadeh*, Israeli authorities announced last week that they had deported four more leaders of the revolt to Lebanon and served expulsion orders on 25 others. They also formally outlawed the Palestinian popular committees that help run the uprising in cities and towns throughout the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

The new crackdown stems from a secret drive against the *intifadeh* by Israel's internal security agency, Shin Bet. Earlier this month, two Shin Bet agents riding in an unmarked Subaru abducted Mohammed Abu Hamam as he strolled down a street in the West Bank town of Ramallah. Abu Hamam, 34, is a key *intifadeh* leader who belongs to Yasser Arafat's Fatah guerrilla group.

Fatah sources claim that Abu Hamam and some other recent detainees were tortured by Shin Bet and forced to reveal the names of confederates; Israeli officials deny any knowledge of the matter. So far, Shin Bet has arrested more than a dozen additional Palestinian leaders and confiscated a printing press used to churn out leaflets from the *intifadeh* command.

Though the arrests dealt a blow to Fatah's organization in the occupied territories, the uprising showed no signs of letting up. Last week's rioting, the worst in six months, left three Palestinians dead, including a nine-year-old Arab girl, and some 300 injured, many of them from beatings. The Palestinian death toll after nine months of unrest: 248.

World

for approval to the Palestine National Council, the P.L.O.'s 451-member legislative body, in Algiers during the first week of September. Later he hopes to launch a major diplomatic offensive, speaking to the European Parliament in Strasbourg and, if it can be arranged, to the U.N.

Israeli officials first glimpsed this latest strategy last month when plainclothes agents of Shin Bet, Israel's internal security agency, arrested Faisal Husseini, the pro-P.L.O. head of the Arab Studies Society. In his East Jerusalem office they allegedly found a four-page plan that calls for the declaration of an independent Palestinian state with Arafat as its President. The new state would then seek peace negotiations with Israel.

Such a scenario, of course, is rejected outright by Israel, which regards the P.L.O. as a terrorist group and considers large parts of the occupied territories necessary for its security. "The Israeli government will do everything so that these



Arafat: Is he ready to do the unthinkable?

statements remain empty words, unmatched by deeds," said Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. Added Foreign Minister Shimon Peres: "It is not a substitute for dealing seriously with the situation." Ariel Sharon, a former Defense Minister who heads the Industry and Trade Ministry, proposed extending Israeli law to portions of the occupied territories. U.S. officials warned against that move, which would be tantamount to annexation, but seemed taken off guard by the P.L.O.'s tactics. Secretary of State George Shultz said that a Palestinian state that is not linked with Jordan "doesn't make sense."

Could the P.L.O. ever deliver an unconditional statement acknowledging Israel's right to exist? For the U.S. to be impressed, a senior Administration official says, "it's got to be something big, comparable to Anwar Sadat's trip to Jerusalem," which led to the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty of 1979. But in the West Bank last week came an echo of the savage internal P.L.O. feuding that has almost always paralyzed Arafat when he has undertaken diplomatic initiatives. Any Palestinian serving in the proposed provisional government, warned a leaflet circulated by an anti-Arafat faction, "will be tried by a court of the people, which will punish him without mercy."

—By Scott MacLeod.

Reported by Jamil Hamad/Jerusalem and David S. Jackson/Cairo

ISRAEL

Up, Up, Up and Away

Jerusalem is set to launch its first satellite into space

When word leaked last summer that Israel had secretly test-fired a medium-range missile into the Mediterranean Sea in May, reports said the missile was designed to carry a nuclear warhead and could travel 900 nautical miles, far enough to strike Soviet territory. But intelligence sources now say the exercise had an additional purpose: to test the country's capability of launching a surveillance satellite into low earth orbit.

Today Jerusalem is on the verge of sending up such a satellite for the first time. All that remains is for the Israeli Cabinet to set a launch date. When lift-off occurs, Israel will become only the eighth country—after the Soviet Union, U.S., France, Japan, China, Britain and India—to possess a rocket powerful enough to put a satellite into space. With its own orbiting electronic eye constantly monitoring Arab states, Israel would gain a distinct advantage in any military confrontation with its neighbors. In addition, Israel would no longer be forced to depend on U.S. satellite intelligence.

Though Israel has long had the technology to produce a sophisticated satellite, work on the project did not begin until 1983, when Jerusalem created a space agency. Dubbed Shavit (Hebrew for comet), the rocket was built jointly by Rafael, the country's leading missile manufacturer, and Israel Aircraft Industries, creator of the Lavi jet fighter. Various electronics companies developed the satellite. Initially, the Israeli plan to launch an experimental satellite that will survive less than a month. If that mission is successful, the Israelis are expected to put up a satellite with a life-span of about two years.

Israeli defense officials, however, are divided over timing. Those who want to launch the satellite as soon as possible argue that in the wake of the Iran-Iraq cease-fire and recent missile purchases by Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, Jerusalem needs to watch its Arab neighbors more closely. Those who prefer to wait argue

that a launch now would only push Arab countries into beseeching Moscow for satellites of their own, thus fueling the region's arms race and irritating the Soviet Union at a time when Jerusalem is trying to improve relations with Moscow. The ten members of Israel's inner Cabinet are expected to make a decision within the next few weeks. Another consideration: some Israeli politicians fear that if a satellite is launched before the country's November elections, the public will consider the move a cynical ploy to win votes.

Until now, Israel has relied on reconnaissance aircraft and high-tech drones for its intelligence. In addition, since Arab forces took Israel by surprise in the 1973 October War, the U.S. has provided Jerusalem with top-secret satellite information to help meet its defense needs. But the Israelis complain that U.S. officials "filter" the information, omitting data that Washington deems irrelevant. The Israelis also grumble that they receive the data too late. Israel regularly petitions the U.S. for its own ground links to American satellites, but Washington refuses. Supporters of Israel blame America's stinginess with its data for Israel's recruitment of Jonathan Jay Pollard, the former U.S. Navy intelligence analyst who was sentenced to life imprisonment for espionage in March 1987 after providing Israel with classified documents.

Jerusalem refuses to confirm or deny the satellite program. According to several U.S. space experts, a single satellite could give Israel coverage of key sites at least twice daily. On the other hand, the skies in the region are often clogged with dust, and satellites are ineffective in detecting night operations. "I doubt the program is worth the cost," says the Brookings Institution's Paul Stares, an expert on the military uses of space, who puts the price tag for a launch system and satellite at hundreds of millions of dollars. Jerusalem, despite military-budget pressures, has apparently decided otherwise. ■



World

SOUTH AFRICA

Mandela: Down But Not Out

A black leader's illness puts the government on the spot

When Nelson Mandela turned 70 last month, his visitors were surprised at how remarkably fit the black nationalist leader looked. Under the rigid discipline he has imposed on himself during the quarter-century he has been imprisoned on a life sentence for sabotage, he rose every morning before dawn for a two-hour workout. But four weeks ago, Mandela suddenly became short of breath. He had difficulty talking, then started coughing up blood. He was transferred from the medical wing of Pollsmoor Prison to Tygerberg Hospital, a major university teaching institution on the other side of Cape Town. Last week Mandela's lawyer announced the diagnosis: tuberculosis.

A highly contagious disease whose symptoms can frequently be ambiguous, tuberculosis is endemic in South Africa. Mandela might have inhaled the TB bacillus in prison and developed the disease immediately, though it is more likely to have lain quiescent in his body for years. Doctors drained three liters of fluid from around his left lung and prescribed antibiotics. Mandela, hospital officials say, is now "up and about and improving steadily," with the encouraging prognosis of full recovery.

No one is more determined that Mandela should get the finest medical care than South Africa's highest officials, who fear that he might die in jail and set off an explosion of violent protest in the country's black townships. Justice Minister

Kobie Coetsee, who oversees the prison system, made a point of visiting Mandela at Tygerberg. Minister of Health Willem van Niekerk sent regular bulletins from the doctors to State President P.W. Botha.



In healthier and happier days: photographed in 1961
Pretoria keeps close tabs on the prisoner's tuberculosis.

In reply to a worried letter from the Rev. Frank Chikane, general secretary of the South African Council of Churches, Botha assured him, "We are even more concerned and do wish Mr. Mandela a speedy recovery." Botha added that the patient had said he was satisfied with the treat-

ment he was receiving and had not asked to be examined by outside doctors, as Chikane and Mandela's wife Winnie had requested.

Mandela's illness triggered fresh demands from around the world for his release. Botha knows if Mandela dies an imprisoned martyr, widespread violence is likely. On the other hand, his release might be greeted by an uncontrollable uprising of millions of black South Africans

for whom he is the leading symbol of resistance to the apartheid system. Last week Botha renewed his longstanding offer to free Mandela if he would publicly renounce the use of violence for political ends—a bargain Mandela has repeatedly refused on the grounds that prisoners cannot make deals.

Addressing a congress of the ruling National Party in Durban, Botha said he did not think Mandela should "choose to go back to prison" and that he hoped Mandela "will make it possible for me to act in a humane way." That meant, he said, that he was prepared to release Mandela if he would reject political violence and pledge not to support those who use it.

There is no indication that Mandela will agree this time, either. He remains loyal to the African National Congress, whose declared policy of "armed struggle" in South Africa he helped shape before he was imprisoned in 1962, and he would view such a renunciation as a betrayal.

Thus an ironic catch keeps the ailing and aging Mandela behind bars. If his life is in danger or if he is badly weakened by his illness, he will almost certainly be released. But if Mandela continues to improve and regains his health, he could remain imprisoned for many more years to come.

—By Bruce W. Nelson/Johannesburg

BURMA

New Man, Old Setup

Protests continue as Rangoon gets its third leader in a month

Those who made the appointment intended it to be a gesture of mollification, an invitation to calm. But to much of Burma, the announcement last week that Attorney General Maung Maung, one of only two civilians in the previous Cabinet, had become the country's President was but another move in a cynical game of new man, same government.

In the wake of nationwide strife that forced the fall of General Sein Lwin on Aug. 12, after only 17 days in power, the appointment outraged the students and Buddhist monks who sparked the uprising

against an autocratic regime. The government's failure to move toward a multiparty democracy led to renewed calls for a national strike this week, leaving Burma poised for another plunge into the violence that, by unofficial estimates, had already claimed 3,000 lives.

Through the week, while officials met to determine who would succeed Sein Lwin, the pressure to open up the political system persisted. In Mandalay, in the north, an estimated 100,000 people—out of a population of only 600,000—rallied to demand democracy. In the capital 15,000 demonstrators appeared in front of Rangoon General Hospital, where two doctors and three nurses were slain on Aug. 10 by security forces. Though armored vehicles patrolled Rangoon streets, troops kept a cautious distance from protesters.

Given the depth of popular frustration, it was thought unlikely that the bloodshed was over—or that Maung Maung, 63, was secure in his new job. The

British-trained lawyer has long-standing ties to General Ne Win, Burma's strongman from 1962 until his resignation on July 23 and the man blamed for widespread repression and an economy that lies in ruins. Maung Maung served with Ne Win in the fight to free their country of colonial domination during World War II and, after Ne Win's 1962 military coup, became Chief Justice of Burma's high court, the first of many government posts. In 1969 he wrote an adoring official biography of the then President.

The fact that both Sein Lwin and Maung Maung were so closely linked to Ne Win suggests that the longtime strongman is calling the shots and is not in retirement. The belief that Maung Maung's tenure is simply an extension of Ne Win's is feeding the opposition fury. "The people are not going to stop until the entire government is thrown out," said an Australian businessman after visiting Rangoon. "The crowds feel they can't lose." ■

World

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Of Laughter and Not Forgetting

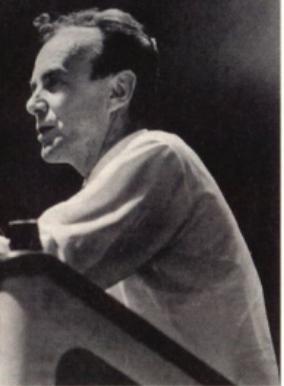
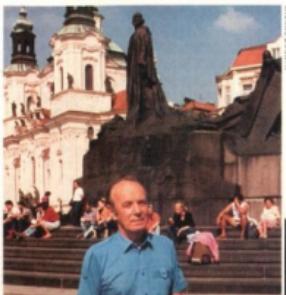
How a man and his country have fared since the 1968 invasion

Sometimes the history of a place is best told through the history of a remarkable man. Jiri Ruml is such a man. Twenty years ago this month, Moscow dispatched Warsaw Pact troops to Czechoslovakia to crush a budding reform movement, a brutal act that plunged the country into a dark winter of repression from which it is only now emerging. Ruml, a journalist who

called the *Reporter*, Ruml, then 44, had chronicled the student protests that set the stage for the extraordinary reform movement known as the Prague Spring. He reported on the enthusiasm that Party Leader Alexander Dubcek's vision of "socialism with a human face" had aroused among factory workers, and wrote scathing pieces about the ominous Warsaw Pact army maneuvers taking place in Czechoslovakia that summer. On Aug. 21, those exercises had turned into a full-scale invasion.

When I saw Ruml again, two years later, the "Brezhnev winter" had descended on Prague. Ruml, along with 3,000 other journalists, had lost his job and been expelled from the Communist Party. His

■ **A JOURNALIST IN PRAGUE, THEN AND NOW:** Jiri Ruml addressing a rally in 1968, below, and, left, in front of the Jan Hus monument in Old Town Square, August 1988



Prague, was fired, but that was merely the beginning of his troubles. Senior Correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer, who covered the invasion for TIME, knew Ruml well. This month he returned to Prague to find out how his friend has fared over the past two decades. His report:

Aug. 30, 1968. Soviet tanks are parked near Prague's Old Town Square, ready to disperse the young people gathered around the mournful statue of Jan Hus, the 15th century religious reformer who was burned at the stake as a heretic. Looking down on the tanks from his third-floor office on Pařížská (Paris Street), Jiri Ruml tells me, "We failed. The next attempt at reform will have to come from the center, from Moscow."

As deputy editor of an irreverent week-

ly called the *Reporter*, Ruml, then 44, had chronicled the student protests that set the stage for the extraordinary reform movement known as the Prague Spring. He reported on the enthusiasm that Party Leader Alexander Dubcek's vision of "socialism with a human face" had aroused among factory workers, and wrote scathing pieces about the ominous Warsaw Pact army maneuvers taking place in Czechoslovakia that summer. On Aug. 21, those exercises had turned into a full-scale invasion.

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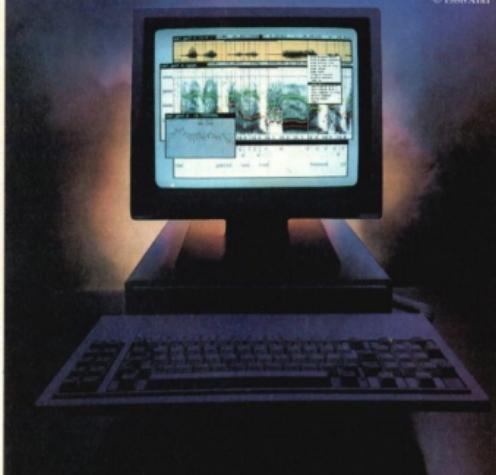
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World



The high price of speeding: vehicles litter a French highway after a chain-reaction crash

WESTERN EUROPE

A New Summer of Fatal Traction

Too many drivers are hitting the road—and whatever is on it

What an impudence!" fumed Ernst Hinsken, a member of West Germany's Bundestag. "Irreconcilable with the hospitality that should be shown by the host country!" complained West German Transport Minister Jürgen Warnke. The high-octane grousing in Bonn was directed at Italy, which last month imposed an experimental 110-kilometer-an-hour (68 m.p.h.) speed limit on its autostradas and an even more impudent limit of 90 kilometers (56 m.p.h.) on other roads. Yet even as Italian officials debated last week whether to return to the old 140-kilometer (87 m.p.h.) highway limit when the trial ends early next month, police records indicated that the speed reductions were saving lives. The Interior Ministry reported that 1,067 people died on Italian roads between July 1 and Aug. 15, down 4.4% from a year ago.

The timing of the experiment was not accidental. Each summer, as millions of Europeans pile into their cars and zoom to their favorite vacation spots, thousands end up in grisly pile-ups. "Every vacation it happens the same way," says a Paris insurance clerk. "You have types who load their whole family into a small car and try to drive all night, until they fall asleep. You can look at the map and know exactly where they are going to run off the road. It's always the same place."

Statistics vary, but Yugoslavia (12 deaths per 10,000 vehicles per year) and Portugal (11 deaths) appear to head the grim list of annihilation on Europe's roads. The U.S. rate: 2.6 per 10,000 vehicles. Italy reduced the limit after a dire weekend last month, when road fatalities totaled 95. According to a poll by the daily *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, two-thirds of Italians favor the speed cutbacks.

To prepare for the hectic Feast of the Assumption weekend that ended last Monday, French officials advised local authorities of their power to suspend the licenses of reckless drivers on the spot. A magistrate in one high-accident district promptly seized four licenses in less than 45 minutes. Zealous public servants suspended more than 2,000 licenses during the three-day holiday.

Excessive speed and alcohol are the major contributing factors to road accidents

dents in Europe. In France and Italy many drivers drink wine with their meals at franchised rest stops, then happily hit the road. All too often they hit whatever is on it as well.

Italy decreed last week that drunk drivers will face the loss of their licenses and could be fined up to \$350 and sentenced to a month in prison. In Paris an attempt to set up random police checks was abandoned some years ago, after pressure from city restaurateurs. In Britain, where the fatality figures (2.5 per 10,000 vehicles) are among Europe's lowest, 20% of road deaths are caused by intoxicated drivers. The government is now considering police requests for "discretionary testing" and is debating stiffer penalties.

The anomaly in Europe is West Germany, whose freeways have no speed limits. Partly because of laws requiring seat-belt use in front and back, and because of mandatory driving-school instruction, the fatality rate is remarkably low: 2.4 per 10,000 vehicles last year, the best result since 1953.

But life in the fast lane is still costing West Germans dearly. The number of road accidents is appallingly high and is expected to top 2 million for the first time this year. Says Otto Schily, a member of the environmental Green Party: "It's not only our compassion and mourning over the thousands of dead and hundreds of thousands injured that make a speed limit imperative. It's simple economic sense too." Unlike some of its hell-driving citizenry, though, the Bonn government refuses to put its foot down—on imposing a speed limit, that is. *—By Peter Hawthorne.*

Reported by Leonora Dodsworth/Rome and Rhea Schoenthal/Bonn, with other bureaus

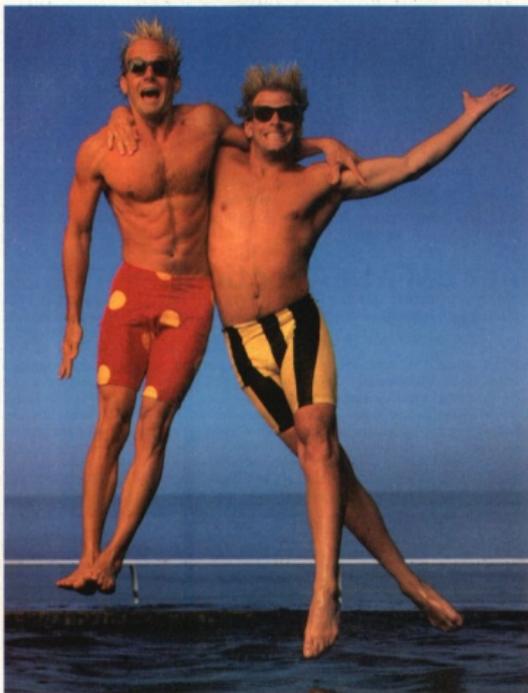
Scusi, Your Libido Is Showing



An official reminder to keep it on in Capri

flew, and Meuree was hauled to a police station, after a lecture on proper attire, he was permitted to resume his journey—wearing a blue shirt.

Chic Capri meantime invoked a 1970s ruling against excessive nudity to bar people from sauntering through its streets topless or wearing only a swimsuit. Other resort welcome those who grin and bare it. Rimini, on the Adriatic, annually crowns Miss Golden Bottom, while Loano, on the Italian Riviera, chooses Miss Fantastic Breasts. In Agropoli, 60 miles south of Naples, a determined tourism director aims to convert his town of 15,000 into the "new capital of transgression." Promotional schemes include variety shows with bare-breasted show girls.



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World Notes



SUDAN The swollen river waters swamp Khartoum



THE KOREAS Students in Seoul demonstrate for reunification

SUDAN

Flood Time On the Nile

Already afflicted by famine and war, Sudan faced the prospect of plague and pestilence last week as record floods raged through Khartoum and much of the surrounding country. The swollen waters of the Nile River swept away entire villages, forced an estimated 2 million people to flee and claimed more than 90 lives.

Sudanese officials warned that stagnant pools left by the floods made ideal breeding conditions for locusts. The World Health Organization said contaminated water could cause malaria, typhoid and cholera epidemics.

THE PHILIPPINES

Of Politics and Ex-Bedfellows

What was Vice President Salvador Laurel up to when he accused President Corazon Aquino of incompetence earlier this month and suggested that she resign? Manila's coffeehouse circuit suspected Laurel was more concerned about his political future than good government. That theory got a boost last week when Laurel joined Juan Ponce Enrile, Aquino's former Defense Minister, to launch a new opposition party. Laurel is ex-

pected to head the alliance, which includes disgruntled supporters of Ferdinand Marcos. Said Hernando Perez, a pro-Aquino member of the House of Representatives: "Laurel will join any party that will make him President."

After the formation of the new coalition was announced, however, as many as 160 seated legislators of the 204-member House declared their intention to join the Fight of Filipino Democrats, a new umbrella organization of pro-Aquino groups.

TERRORISM

Bloody Saturday

For almost 20 years, British soldiers in Northern Ireland have been among the favorite targets of Irish Republican Army gunmen and bombers. Late last week, eight died and 27 were injured when a land mine exploded alongside a military bus taking troopers back to their base at Omagh from leave on the British mainland. The toll, the worst single-day count for the army in the province since 1982, raised to 410 the number of British troops killed by terrorists since the "Troubles" erupted.

On Friday, a bomb injured three Royal Ulster Constabulary police officers, while another explosion ripped through Northern Ireland's newest hostelry. The same day thou-

sands turned out at funerals for a Protestant grocer and a British soldier, both victims of recent gunmen attacks. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher broke off her vacation and returned to London, where Ulster Protestant Members of Parliament are demanding that suspected terrorists be jailed without trial.

POLAND

A Striking Celebration

Anniversaries are revered in Poland, but it was apparently just coincidence last week that workers launched a wave of strikes close to the eighth birthday of the outlawed Solidarity trade union. The stoppages crippled ten coal mines in Silesia and paralyzed dock facilities in the Baltic seaport of Szczecin. Although the strikes were not organized by Solidarity leaders, Lech Wałęsa, head of the union, warned that workers at the Lenin shipyard in Gdańsk would join the disruptions early this week. The strikers' demands included legalization of Solidarity, as well as higher wages and better working conditions.

The protests were the first since last spring, when strikers plunged the country into the most widespread labor unrest since the tumult that spawned Solidarity in 1980. In response, authorities initially

cut off food supplies to workers occupying a mine near Jastrzebie. But by week's end, as the unrest spread, the government's National Defense Committee threatened "appropriate decisions" and joint units of soldiers and military police patrolled Silesia.

THE KOREAS

For Once, No Name-Calling

Against a backdrop of pro-unification student rallies in Seoul, South and North Korean parliamentary representatives met at Panmunjom last week. For once there was no name-calling. In fact, the delegates used the official names of their respective countries—the Republic of Korea and the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

Agreement on this small but important point made for an amiable start to the first discussions between the two countries in more than 2½ years. The two sides, however, deadlocked over arrangements for a full-scale meeting between parliamentarians. Pyongyang wants to include some 650 members of its Supreme People's Assembly and the 299 members of the South's National Assembly. The Southerners, contending that little could be accomplished at such a huge affair, would prefer to limit attendance to 20 representatives from each side.

Law

Tell It to the Rent-a-Judge

Free-lance jurists offer a way to beat court costs and delays

When TV Actress Valerie Harper and Lorimar Productions sued each other last year, it looked as if the case might drag on until 1992 before it even went to trial. After all, the Los Angeles court system is clogged with 150,000 new civil cases a year. But, instead, the mutual breach-of-contract suits—a fallout from Harper's departure last summer from the NBC series *Valerie*—went to trial together last week. The shortcut? With the blessings of the state court, both sides got together and hired a private judge. "I'm very happy to have my day in court so quickly," says Harper.

Former Los Angeles Superior Court Judge William Hogoboom, who is hearing the suits, is one of several hundred so-called rent-a-judges active across the nation. The judges, who are retired from the regular bench, preside for fees that usually range from \$150 to \$300 an hour. In many cases, they act merely as arbitrators or nonbinding mediators. But in California and in at least a dozen other states, they can also conduct proceedings—like the Harper-Lorimar trial—that have most of the trappings of regular court sessions, including depositions, witnesses and verdicts. The parties in the Harper-Lorimar dispute will jointly pay court costs of \$15,000 a week, including \$250 an hour for Judge Hogoboom. The case will be decided by a panel of jurors selected from the public jury rolls.

"More and more parties are agreeing to use the system," says Harper's attorney, Barry Langberg. The major reason is cost control. An early court date saves on attorney fees. So does the shorter proceeding that often results from special agreements between the two sides, such as a pact not to challenge the credibility of each other's expert witnesses. The parties can also select a judge with experience relevant to their case, instead of taking the randomly assigned jurists of the public courts.

The rent-a-judge option began in 1976 in California, the state that still accounts for more than half of all such proceedings. It is also the home of the country's most famous hired judge, Joseph Wapner of TV's *People's Court*, which is in effect a televised private proceeding. But the system has spread. Judicate, a Philadelphia-based network of some 450 judges, has handled nearly 800 cases this year in 34 states. In some of the states



Harper with Attorney Langberg: charges of Cadillac justice

where hired judges can conduct virtual trials, the verdicts can also be reviewed by the regular appeals courts.

Where rent-a-judge trials are appealable, those involved contend that only about 5% to 10% of such cases are taken to a higher court. Because both sides have chosen the judge, "it is hard, even for the losing party, not to accept the decision," says William Polkinghorn, senior counsel for Bank of America, who takes part in about half a dozen such proceedings each

year. Though popular first in contract and labor disputes, rent-a-judging has spread to malpractice, family law and other areas: 70% of Judicate's caseload involves personal-injury suits.

Critics of the rent-a-judge system call it Cadillac justice, which lets more affluent litigants evade the problems of the judicial system. "The elite abandoning a public system in decay ensures that it will never be improved," argues Robert Gnaizda of Public Advocates, a San Francisco public interest group. Critics also charge that rent-a-judging lures experienced jurists into early retirement to collect the combination of public pensions and private fees. Another complaint against private judging is that it lets corporations and other litigants shield their doings from public scrutiny. In normal civil-court proceedings, hearings are generally open to the press and public.

Skeptics, and supporters as well, say the growth of private judging is limited by the fact that it works mostly in the relatively small number of cases in which both parties want to come to agreement—for example, in disputes between business partners who want to go on working together. But to keep growing, the private outfits continue to come up with new offerings. If either side in the Harper-Lorimar case is unhappy with the eventual verdict, for example, some of the rent-a-judge outfits have a new option they could always look into: rent-an-appeals-judge.

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

true, Elliott found, whether he was considering less serious crimes, such as underage drinking or petty vandalism, or whether he measured major lawbreaking, such as assault or drug selling.

The study suggests that economic class is an important factor in how youths are treated by the juvenile justice system, whether they are black or white. Elliott believes that when more affluent youths run afoul of the law, they are more likely to find lenient treatment from police, and that courts are more willing to release them into the custody of parents who can promise counseling and special schools. Says he: "When lower-class families don't have these options, the court has little alternative but to order a jail term."

Racial Equality

Are black youths more likely to commit crimes than whites? A glance at the nation's prison population would suggest that the answer is yes. But a surprising new federally funded study says not necessarily. In 1976 University of Colorado Sociologist Delbert Elliott began to follow a nationwide cross section of 1,700 young people, ages 11 to 17 at the time. Periodically they reported to him, in confidence, any episodes of their own criminal or delinquent behavior, whether or not they were caught. The finding after ten years: those who were white reported nearly as many crimes as blacks but fewer were arrested. This held



Youth being arrested

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Giving Goliath His Due

Archaeologists burnish the Philistines' image

History has not been kind to the Philistines. Exemplified by such figures as the hulking Goliath and the treacherous Delilah, they are depicted in the Bible as thieves and warmongering aliens. The ancient Egyptians branded them pirates and marauders. Since the 17th century, their name has been used as a synonym for uncultured, anti-intellectual boorishness.

But the Philistines' battered reputation is in the process of being repaired. The revisionist view is emerging from the dust of the ancient city of Ekron, 20 miles west of Jerusalem, where archaeologists are busy excavating what was probably the greatest of the five Philistine cities. The big news from the site is that the Philistines, whatever may have been said about them, were in fact one of the most highly civilized peoples of their time. They were successful industrialists and merchants, skilled producers of pottery and metal tools, sophisticated architects and town planners. "While they existed," says Archaeologist Seymour Gitin, the American director of the William F. Albright Institute of Archaeological Research, "the Philistines served as a link between East and West. They introduced a new culture in this part of the world. Eventually they became a great trading power and a powerful industrial nation with their individual style."

The site of the excavations was first surveyed in 1923, but it was not until three decades later that it was identified as Ekron (peak population: 6,000). The American-Israeli excavation, now in its seventh season, is uncovering a wealth of material in a 50-acre area that is helping archaeologists piece together a far more accurate—and flattering—portrait of the ancient Philistines. Says Gitin: "When we started digging at Ekron, it was as though we were opening a time capsule."

The Philistines were a group of



The city of Ekron, including remains of a royal palace, has opened this ancient civilization like a t

Aegean seafarers who arrived in the Levant region around 1200 B.C., settling between the Israelite tribes to the east and the Egyptian empire to the south. It was a time of great political ferment. The Hittite empire was crumbling, and Greece was entering into 500 years of decline. Says Hebrew University Philistine Expert Trude Dothan, a co-director of the Ekron dig: "Their culture was a unique product of tradition and innovation in a time of international catastrophe."

The Philistines forged a formidable

reputation as warriors because they possessed a monopoly on iron smelting, and perhaps they even made steel. With advanced swords and shields, they fought the neighboring Israelite tribes, mortally wounded King Saul and stole the Holy Ark of the Covenant. In the face of the Philistines' military threat, the powerful kingdoms of Israel and Judah united against them. Defeated first by David and then by the Egyptians in an alliance with Solomon, the Philistines went into decline in the 10th century B.C.

Their civilization enjoyed a remarkable revival during the 7th century B.C., flourishing as a vassal state under the Assyrians. At the end of the 7th century B.C., Ekron was conquered by the Babylonians, and the last traces of the Philistines' advanced culture were eventually buried under farmers' fields—until the archaeologists arrived.

Among their first finds were large quantities of high-quality ceramics. Philistine pottery, some of which dated to their earliest period, was painted black, red and white and decorated with birds, fish and geometric designs. The styles first led archaeologists to suspect they had been imported from the Aegean region. But advanced analysis revealed that the pottery had been made from local clays. Metal implements and ceremonial objects demonstrated the skill of Philistine ironworkers and craftsmen.

The size and sophistication of Ekron's structures qualify the Philistines as master builders. Last month



Dothan, left, and Gitin examine a recently unearthed jar



capsule. The city was laid out in a stepped-down fashion to capture water runoff

archaeologists unearthed a 2,300-sq.-ft. complex, perhaps a royal palace, that is the largest known Philistine edifice of its period (12th to 10th centuries B.C.). The whole site, in fact, shows advanced notions of city planning. Ekron in the 7th century B.C. was divided into four zones: a perimeter, crowned with towers; an industrial sector; and lower- and upper-class neighborhoods.

Religion played an important role in all levels of Philistine life. In each of the four zones, excavators have found four-horned altars. Surmises Gitin: "In most places in the Middle East, there was a close relationship between cult, religion and kingship. Priest and king often worked together. The priest controlled

water supplies in some cities. In Ekron the large royal financial investment in production was overseen by the priests."

Animal bones found at the site indicate that pork and beef were staples for the Philistines at first, but were replaced by sheep, goat and fish during their latter period. Scholars speculate that the change in diet reflected increasing complexity in Philistine life. When cultures subsist on food from individual cottages, it is not uncommon to find private pigpens. But the quantities of sheep and goat bones uncovered indicate the presence of great herds, which needed to be grazed in the surrounding hills and were presumably sold within the city. This suggests a fairly high level of social interdependence.

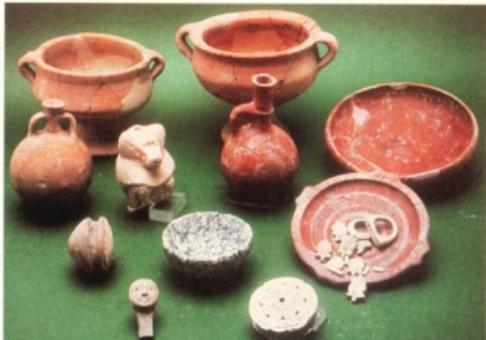
Far from being a cottage industry, Ekron's olive-oil production involved at least 100, and possibly 200, installations. Engineers with the archaeological expedition estimate that the city's annual oil output surpassed 1,000 tons (equal to more than 20% of Israel's modern-day production). Much of the oil was shipped to what was then the breadbasket of the world, Egypt, where it was exchanged for grain and other foodstuffs.

Most rooms in Ekron's industrial area contained more than 100 storage jars. The presence of lids indicated that the jars were used to ship the oil. Also found in these rooms were cosmetic palettes, figurines and inscribed weights used in measuring the oil. A wide street running through this zone, lined on both sides with industrial buildings, was served by a sophisticated sewer system similar to those still used in the Old City of Jerusalem and other Middle Eastern cities.

Among the most important finds this summer has been the discovery that Ekron was built in a stepped-down fashion, descending gradually from the outer perimeter to the city center. Terracing was employed to exploit natural water runoff. Because of this basin plan, wells in the city's center had to be dug only a modest five to ten feet. Marvels Gitin: "It was a highly sophisticated way of building."

Still, amid this rich trove of artifacts, many mysteries remain unsolved. No trace of a Philistine language has been discovered. Nor is there any sign of what happened to the Philistine people themselves after their conquest by the Babylonians. Did the race die out? Was it assimilated into neighboring tribes? No one knows. The name Palestine is derived from the Greek word for "land of the Philistines," but experts believe there is no connection between the Philistines and modern Palestinians. At least one thing can now be said for certain, however. As Hebrew University's Dothan puts it, "The Philistines need no longer bear the burden of biblical scorn." After 3,000 years, Goliath's people are vindicated at last.

—By Dick Thompson
Reported by Marlin Levin/Jerusalem



Belying their boorish reputation, Ekron's denizens fashioned exquisite pottery and decorative objects as well as metal tools and weapons



Cracks in the System

Taxpayers may have to shell out billions to rescue the financial industry

Even diligent readers of the financial pages may be feeling bewildered by the goings-on in the banking industry. One day the headlines are proclaiming good times and rising profits for most financial institutions. Next day they are telling of bank failures and bailouts.

Despite five years of expansion by the U.S. economy as a whole, many banks and savings and loan associations are racked by troubles in the farm belt, depressed conditions in the oil patch and unwise real estate ventures all over the country. While the large majority are solidly in the black, the weakest institutions are in such bad shape that they threaten to exhaust the multibillion-dollar Government insurance funds that protect depositors. If that happens, taxpayers will have to come to the rescue. Federal regulators are confident they can clean up the mess before it overwhelms the financial system, but if the U.S. falls into a recession in the next year or two, the problems in banking will grow much worse.

The staggering cost of correcting the situation came into sharp focus last week, when the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which regulates thrift institutions, announced a two-part bailout of 20 Texas S and Ls that could ultimately cost the Government \$6.8 billion. First, the Bank Board conducted a fire sale of twelve failing Texas institutions, including Richardson Savings (assets \$707.8 million) and Mercury Savings (\$332.9 million). The S and Ls will be merged and turned over to an investment group led by William Gibson, an executive vice president at Chicago's Continental Illinois bank, for a token \$48 million. To attract the investors and revive the S and Ls, the Bank Board agreed to provide financial aid that may run as high as \$1.3 billion over the next decade.

The real shocker came a day later, when the Bank Board announced the largest rescue in its history. It plans to merge eight nearly moribund Texas S and Ls—including Dallas' Sunbelt Savings, which lost \$1.2 billion in the first three months of 1988 alone—into one financial organization with assets of \$6.9 billion. The Government will provide \$2.5 billion of aid initially and possibly as much as \$5.5 billion over the next ten years. Although the

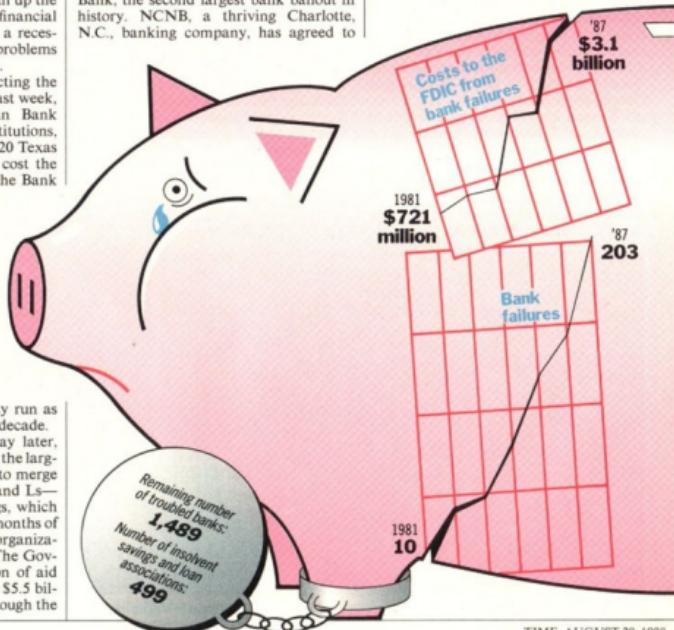
Bank Board had several offers to buy all eight S and Ls, it determined they were in such bad financial and legal shape that it would ultimately prove less expensive for the Government to run them.

The Bank Board's moves are part of its so-called Southwest Plan for consolidating 109 ailing Texas S and Ls by the end of next May. The thinking behind the mergers is that the firms will save money by combining and streamlining operations and thus stand a better chance of survival. But the rescue plans will put a severe strain on the already cash-starved Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC), the industry insurance fund that provides the money for the bailouts.

Last week's big S and L deals followed by less than a month the Government's rescue of Dallas-based First Republic Bank, the second largest bank bailout in history. NCNB, a thriving Charlotte, N.C., banking company, has agreed to

take over management of First Republic Bank, but to keep the failing Texas bank afloat, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation will have to provide \$4 billion—an amount topped only by the \$4.5 billion bailout of Chicago's Continental Illinois in 1984.

From 1982 to 1987, the FDIC, which collects premiums from member banks and insures deposits up to \$100,000, shut down or bailed out 600 banks at a cost of \$9.99 billion. By far the worst trouble spot is Texas, where the woes of the oil and real estate industries have caused 192 banks to fail since 1982. The First Republic Bank case almost guarantees that the FDIC will operate at a loss this year for the first time in its history. Its reserves now stand at \$15.8 billion, down from \$18.3 billion in January, and the fund is likely to lose an additional \$2 billion by the end of



the year. FDIC Chairman William Seidman told Congress two weeks ago that at least one and possibly two major banks may soon need substantial federal aid. Industry experts predict that the next big institution in need of rescue may be Dallas' MCorp, the second largest banking company in Texas.

No one knows when the FDIC's hemorrhaging will stop. Almost 1,500, or roughly 11% of the 13,700 commercial banks in the U.S. are still on the agency's list of troubled institutions. Many of these banks are already doomed, and hundreds of others could be sunk by a continued rise in interest rates, which means they would have to pay more to depositors.

While the problems in commercial banking are serious, the situation in the savings and loan industry is an outright disaster. At least 500 of the more than 3,000 S and Ls are insolvent: their liabilities exceed their assets. In 1987 alone, the Government closed 17 insolvent S and Ls and paid stronger institutions to take over 31 more. The total cost to FSLIC: nearly \$4 billion. FSLIC (pronounced *fizz-lick* in the industry) would have shut down many more S and Ls, but the agency virtually ran out of money to pay depositors. In the meantime, the insolvent S and Ls have continued to pile up losses, making the ultimate resolution of the problem increasingly expensive.

Once again the weakest institutions are heavily concentrated in Texas, where 281 S and Ls lost \$6.9 billion last year. In

the rest of the country, S and Ls eked out a collective \$100 million profit, but the industry is sharply divided between highly profitable institutions and those losing money at a rapid clip. "The bad few are pulling down the majority," says James Barth, chief economist for the Federal Home Loan Bank Board.

Late last year Congress passed a FSLIC rescue package allowing the agency to issue securities that will raise \$10.8 billion in three years. Chairman Danny Wall of the Bank Board estimates that with the \$10.8 billion and premiums from member institutions, the insurance fund will bring in nearly \$30 billion during the next decade—almost enough to take care of all the insolvent S and Ls. But other experts are not so optimistic. The FDIC's Seidman said. Congress' bailout figure could reach \$50 billion, and some analysts put it as high as \$100 billion. Few people believe the FSLIC can avoid going to the taxpayers for billions of dollars.

Though not as sick as the S and L business, the commercial-banking industry has major difficulties all its own. Chief among them is the seemingly never ending saga of Third World debt. The ten largest banks have more than \$50 billion on loan to developing countries. This sum amounts to roughly 100% of their shareholders' equity; if all the loans went into default, the banks' capital would be wiped out.

Prospects for the largest debtors, concentrated in Latin America, are at best mixed. Brazil, which owes \$120 billion, seems to be on the upswing: in December the country resumed paying all its interest—more than ten months after it stunned the financial community by stopping payments on its loans from private banks. But in Argentina, which is some \$55 billion in debt, President Raúl Alfonsín has imposed a wage-price freeze to curb inflation, which was running at an annual rate of more than 300% in July. Earlier this month, the U.S. announced that it would give Argentina an emergency \$500 million loan to help it meet interest payments that have come due.

Not waiting for disaster to hit, U.S. banks are making substantial progress in reducing their vulnerability to Third World debt. The banks have raised new capital, set aside billions of dollars in reserves to cover possible losses, and sold off some of their shakier loans to investors at deep discounts. Chase Manhattan, for example, has trimmed its Third World loan portfolio in the past year from \$6.7 billion to \$6.5 billion. Since the bank's capital has been rising, its loans to developing countries have been reduced from 185% of shareholders' equity in 1987 to 150% today.

But as banks pull money out of Latin America, they are making other loans

that could be equally risky. Though real estate loans helped get the S and L industry in trouble, they are now the fastest-growing segment of commercial-bank portfolios. For the first quarter of this year, 90% of the industry's \$18 billion in new assets came from real estate loans.

Another source of concern is the growing pile of consumer installment debt, which has nearly doubled, from \$311 billion in 1981 to \$613 billion last year. Normally highly profitable for banks, consumer loans could strain industry balance sheets if a large number of credit-card holders defaulted during a recession.

Even more worrisome is the huge amount of money that investors have borrowed in the past few years to take over companies in risky deals known as leveraged buyouts (LBOs). "It's almost like a national pastime to have as little of your own money in your business as possible," complains a bank regulator. Repaying the debt from LBOs could prove particularly difficult during an economic downturn. Already the 21 top American banks hold an estimated \$17 billion in LBO loans, or just under one-fourth of their exposure to Third World loans. First Chicago's LBO portfolio amounts to 55% of shareholder equity. Says a former executive at a major bank: "If the crunch comes, it will be from LBO debt, not Third World debt."

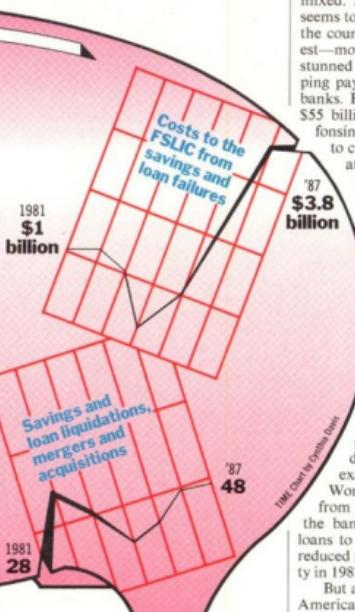
Banks have been virtually forced to make riskier loans because they have lost some of their best customers. Blue-chip corporations, which used to borrow from commercial banks, now increasingly raise money by issuing securities through investment banks. But the Glass-Steagall Act of 1933 bars commercial banks from underwriting most types of securities. That competitive inequity has led Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, to push for a revision of Glass-Steagall that would let commercial banks into the securities business. His proposed bill appears stalled at the moment, but the eventual passage of something similar may be inevitable.

"The major banks have no choice but to compete with the investment banks," says George Salem, senior banking analyst at Prudential-Bache Securities in New York City. "If they don't, they will become dinosaurs."

One thing is certain: the wave of consolidation in the financial industry is far from over. Competition is growing both among U.S. bankers and with foreign institutions. "There won't be 14,000 banks and 3,000 thrift institutions forever," says Robert Abboud, the former First Chicago president who last year became head of Houston's failing First City as part of a federal rescue. But not even a tough survivor like Abboud knows which banks will stay and which will go.

—By Christine Gorman.

Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Houston



Big Bill for a Bullion Binge

A \$134 million penalty could bring disaster to the Hunts

"People who know how much they're worth generally aren't worth too much."

—Nelson Bunker Hunt, 1980

At the rate they are going, the Hunt brothers of Texas may lose so much of their fortune that they will be able to count what remains at the kitchen table. Just eight years ago, Nelson Bunker, 62, William Herbert, 59, and Lamar, 56—heiirs of the legendary Oilman H.L. Hunt—commanded a combined net worth of more than \$5 billion. Since then their fortune has plummeted to \$1 billion or less, and it could keep right on shrinking until they are no longer "big rich," as Texans refer to the truly wealthy. The brothers are fighting a complex and heated battle with creditors to retain control of

judge who presided over last week's verdict, Morris Lasker. The Hunt family's advisers believe that no domino effect will occur, since the other lawsuits differ in some respects from the Minpeco case. But that may be wishful thinking. Says a Government official: "The Hunts may appeal and fight for a while, but the total loss of their fortune is inevitable." Warns Herbert Deutsch, an attorney for the plaintiffs in one of the class actions: "My case alone will kill them. If they have assets anywhere, I will ferret them out and satisfy my clients' claims."

During the New York trial, Bunker Hunt testified that he began accumulating silver in 1973 as a hedge against inflation, "to invest in something I could get my hands on." By late 1979, the brothers

by shutting off credit. The banks answered with a countersuit.

Both sides have tentatively agreed to drop their suits as part of reorganization plans for Placid and Penrod. Under the Hunts' proposed terms, Placid Oil would repay its creditors with \$800 million in cash and notes. To finance the payback, the Hunts would slash the company's size by selling off assets that include Louisiana's Black Lake oil and gas fields and a minority interest in Dallas' gleaming 60-story Thanksgiving Tower. To keep a hand in Penrod, one of the world's largest offshore drilling companies, the Hunts would give the banks a 50% stake in the firm.

The Hunts still hope that their luck will change in one swift stroke. They are counting on the Green Canyon oil and natural-gas fields, situated 1,500 ft. beneath the ocean floor in the Gulf of Mexico. The Hunts hold leases on the property, and are spending some \$300 million to get production started. Though some experts



Change of fortune and scenery: In 1980 Bunker posed on his Dallas ranch. Last week he and Herbert went underground on the New York subway.



the two pillars of their crumbling empire, Placid Oil and Penrod Drilling.

What may deal the Hunt fortune a fatal blow is the fallout from the brothers' role in the great silver-price boom and bust of 1980. Thousands of investors who lost money in the debacle are suing the Hunts. On Saturday the brothers lost a civil case that could set an ominous precedent. A six-member federal jury in New York City found that the Hunts conspired to corner the silver market, and held them liable to pay \$63 million in damages to Minpeco, a Peruvian mineral-marketing company that suffered heavy losses in the silver crash. Under federal antitrust law, the penalty is automatically tripled to \$189 million, but after subtractions for previous settlements with Minpeco, the total value of the judgment against the Hunts is \$134 million.

The verdict in the six-month trial may darken the Hunts' prospects in a slew of other silver-crash lawsuits, which had been put on hold pending the outcome of the Minpeco case. Two class actions filed by some 17,000 investors now await hearings before the U.S. district

had acquired more than 180 million oz. of bullion and coin. Prices rocketed to euphoric heights, hitting a peak of \$50.35 per oz. in January 1980.

The Hunts attributed the price rise to such events as the hostage crisis in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. But plaintiffs in the trial accused them of conspiring with several Middle Eastern investors to create a monopoly. The bubble burst in January 1980, dropping silver's price to \$10.80 in about two months. The Hunts lost approximately \$1.3 billion, and many investors lost millions.

When the Hunts were forced to borrow \$1.1 billion to cover losses in the silver debacle, they pledged their corporate holdings as collateral. But because their wealth was concentrated in oil, sugar and real estate businesses—all of which have founded in the 1980s—the Hunts' personal trusts and the companies they own have been driven to bankruptcy court. The sparring for control has been contentious: in 1986 the Hunts filed a \$14 billion lawsuit against 23 banks that once extended credit to the clan, accusing the institutions of conspiracy to defraud them

view Green Canyon as a dangerous gamble, the Hunts believe the field could prove fabulously profitable.

So far, the Hunts have made only a few personal concessions. Bunker, a collector of Thoroughbred horses, sold \$80 of the animals earlier this year for a reported \$47 million. He and Herbert unloaded 1,400 acres of land near San Diego for \$72 million. Lamar still owns the Kansas City Chiefs football team, and all the brothers retain substantial personal assets—in cash, bonds, real estate and coin and art collections.

But the silver-crash lawsuits could start to pinch the Hunts' style, because the judgments are levied against the brothers as individuals, rather than their trusts or companies. Already the Hunts have shown some surprising frugality. When they left the federal courthouse in Manhattan last Thursday afternoon, no limousine was waiting. Like hundreds of New Yorkers around them, they went underground, paid \$1 apiece and got on the subway.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Roger Franklin/New York and Richard Woodbury/Houston

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Economy & Business

The Next President? Who Cares?

In California, the real election issue is car insurance

When it comes to outlandish trends and popular revolutions, California often sets the agenda for the rest of the U.S. The 1978 passage of the state's Proposition 13, which slashed property taxes by nearly 60%, sparked a nationwide taxpayer rebellion. Now Californians may be in the vanguard once again. A powerful grass-roots revolt against painfully high car-insurance rates is roiling the state where people live to drive.

California's car-insurance rates are the third highest in the U.S., trailing only New Jersey's and Alaska's, according to A.M. Best, an industry research firm. (The company cautions that it is difficult to compare rates accurately because insurance laws differ from state to state.) Between 1982 and 1986, Best found, average annual premiums in California jumped 59%, to nearly \$600. Nationally, average premiums increased 48%, to \$440, during the same period.

California consumer groups have placed on the November ballot a referendum to cut insurance costs and reform the industry. Insurance companies are retaliating with three initiatives designed to reduce their payouts. As advocates of the rival measures trade bars and hustle votes, they are spending plenty—\$60 million, \$40 million of which will come from the insurance industry. It is by far the most expensive state

election contest ever waged, costing close to two-thirds of the \$100 million that the Republican and Democratic presidential campaigns are expected to spend this year.

For the industry, the stakes are enormous. California's 15 million insured drivers and \$9.7 billion worth of annual

DISCRIMINATION BY LOCATION

Annual premiums for a typical insurance package (including \$100,000 of liability coverage and a \$500 deductible on collision damage) on a 1988 Buick Regal for a 30-year-old man with a clean driving record:

In Bakersfield	In Beverly Hills
\$656	\$2,094



A Ralph Nader-backed consumer group called Voter Revolt to Cut Insurance Rates is pushing for Proposition 103, which would slash rates 20% and force companies to win regulatory approval before raising prices again. The insurance companies are staunchly opposed to any new government regulation. The measure would also prohibit firms from charging unusually high premiums solely on the basis of location (see illustration).

Among the measures supported by insurance firms is Proposition 104, which would institute no-fault coverage. Another proviso of the initiative: for the portion of any award over \$100,000, a lawyer could charge no more than 15%. In response, the state's trial lawyers have banded together to push their own plan, Proposition 100. It rejects limits on legal fees and mandates changes in the law that would result in 15% lower insurance rates.

Conceivably, the voters could approve all the competing proposals. If that happened, the proposition that gained the most votes would become law in its entirety. Others approved by a majority of voters would also take effect, but would be stripped of provisions that contradicted provisions that got more votes.

Despite the potential for confusion, the outcome may be an uncomplicated win for the Nader-backed Proposition 103. In a statewide poll, 80% of those surveyed said they would reject any initiative backed by the insurance industry and 82% opposed any measure supported by lawyers.

—By Barbara Rudolph

Reported by Jonathan Beatty/Los Angeles

premiums represented 15% of the national market for car insurance last year. Says Sean Mooney, a senior vice president of the Insurance Information Institute, a trade association: "There is some feeling that if consumers win big there, it would give an impetus to self-styled consumer types and trial lawyers in other states."

Oops! Stop Those Policies

Farmers are not the only ones praying for rain. The drought has also meant big trouble for Chubb, the 16th largest U.S. property and casualty insurer (assets: \$9.2 billion). Reason: The Warren, N.J., company inadvertently plunged too deep into the rain-insurance business. Chubb's policies, designed to reimburse farmers for crop damage due to low rainfall, sold faster than roadside lemonade in ten Midwestern and Southern states last June, before the full impact of the drought was apparent. By the June 15 application deadline, Chubb's independent managing agent, Good Weather International of Jericho, N.Y., had received more than 8,700 applications for \$350 million in coverage. That was nearly 70 times the amount of rain insurance Chubb sold last year. Stunned by the size of its potential liabilities, Chubb in July placed a \$40 million limit on Good Weather's sales, refused to issue 6,200 policies, and offered to refund twice the

amount of the premium checks, or about \$20 million.

Not fair, cried several hundred farmers whose attorneys agreed last week to consolidate their lawsuits into one national class action against Chubb. In most states, insurance laws dictate that coverage cannot be canceled once the initial premium is paid. Among Chubb's defenses: it did not realize that Good Weather agents had oversold the policies, mostly within two days of the deadline, without permission. But the plaintiffs counter that Chubb, which specializes in upscale homeowners' and commercial insurance, has been in the business for more than a century and should know how to monitor demand. Insurance authorities in at least five states are considering whether to seek revocation of Chubb's licenses to write insurance in their states.

Even so, many farmers would rather not have to hold Chubb to its word. Says Iowa Plaintiff Lewis Schoening, 52, who farms 1,200 acres and expects to lose two-thirds of his corn crop and almost half his soybeans if the dry weather continues: "I'd sure rather have the rain than the insurance."



Schoening and his son Randy

Just Wild About Woodies

Cherished by collectors, old powerboats fetch buoyant prices

They were the waterborne roadsters of the jazz age, built of mahogany, bedecked with nickel-silver fittings, powered by rumbling six-cylinder engines and capable of slicing nose-down through the chop at a brisk 40 m.p.h. But during the late 1950s and '60s, the arrival of lighter, carefree fiber-glass hulls persuaded many boat buyers that the rot-prone wooden models were a thing of the past. Gary Scherb, who spent his summers back then working in the boatyards on Lake Hopatcong, N.J., sadly recalls the time when one of his bosses ordered 40 of the wooden craft sawed into firewood.

Today that collection of "woodies," if restored, would probably be worth as much as \$1 million, and Scherb, 44, is making amends—and profits. As owner of Old Time Boat Co. of Sarasota, Fla., he specializes in lovingly rehabilitating the now precious powerboats of the 1920s through '50s. Scherb is currently restoring 18 old runabouts, for which he will charge as much as \$500 a foot. At the same time, Scherb maintains 40 woodies varnished and polished condition for their owners and conducts a growing business as a broker of the vintage craft.

As investments and status vessels, antique boats have come of age. The most sought-after models are runabouts of more than 24 ft. in length, which often contain three leather-upholstered cockpits. In mint condition, a runabout built by a prestige manufacturer such as Chris-Craft, Gar Wood or Hacker is worth \$60,000.

For boats of that quality, prices are rising at least 10% annually. At the first-ever auction of antique powerboats, which took place in May in Newport, R.I., a 33-ft. Baby Gar, once owned by Chewing Gum Heir P.K. Wrigley, fetched a bid of \$95,000; the current owner, Milton Merle, was asking \$140,000 and declined the offer. "It's a one-of-a-kind collectible," declared Merle, a New York marketing consultant who has amassed a fleet of seven vintage runabouts.

A good, unrenovated woody is hard to

find. The frame must bear the original manufacturer's number if it is to be considered vintage. Boat brokers and their scouts comb through the backwoods of Michigan, New England, Canada and even Scandinavia in search of suitable craft. The cold freshwater lakes and the long, dry winter-storage seasons in those areas make them prime hunting grounds for well-preserved hulls.

Many prized vessels have been found, dust-covered and forgotten, in old barns and boathouses. Scherb, for example, paid \$750 for a 1948 Chris-Craft Racing Runabout that had become landlocked inside a remodeled tavern. (The sellers used the money to pay for a new door to the bar.) Today, in pristine condition, the Chris-Craft is worth \$20,000. The competition to find such abandoned treasures is becoming increasingly fierce, since the number of still undiscovered boats is estimated to be only 8,000 to 10,000.

Nostalgia is part of the attraction.

ILLUSTRATION BY RONALD L. HARRIS



A 1922 vintage, aft-cabin launch skims Lake Tahoe, top; Restorer Gary Scherb pilots a '53 Chris-Craft; a custom-built '39 Hacker

Richard Tobin, a Miami market-research executive, fondly recalls how he spent his summers speeding around a Michigan lake in the wooden craft. Nowadays he keeps several old runabouts at the same lake so he can take his family on rides and picnics. Says he: "It's a trip into the days when our cares were a little bit different." The most fervent of all collectors is probably Alan Furth, former vice chairman of the Santa Fe Southern Pacific Railroad, who has acquired 61 boats. Over the years he has sold only one.

Old-boat buffs are growing in number. The Chris-Craft Antique Boat Club has tripled its membership during the past six years, to 1,500, and owners of other brands have organized their own groups. Chris-Craft Industries, which switched from wood to fiber glass in 1968, sold most of its marine division (new name: Murray Chris-Craft) to private investors, who have set up a clearinghouse for collectors in need of old parts for their boats.

The price appreciation of antique boats, however, prompts some collectors to fear that they will be priced out of the market. Already foreign investors are bidding heavily for such boats, and manufacturers have begun building vintage-boat replicas for people who do not have the time or money to care for originals. Old-timers hope the classic boats never become too valuable to take for a spin. Says Don Price, a collector and restorer in Clayton, N.Y.: "Let's not forget that these boats are not just to look at, but to go out and have fun with!" —By Cristina Garcia/Sarasota



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SEARS

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Business Notes



SHIPPING High-water mark for an unloved canal



EXTRAS You asked for Nikes, madam?



SECURITY A thorny problem for trespassers

TRADE

Sliding Back Into the Gap

For three months straight, the statistics had been reassuring the U.S. that its troublesome trade deficit was finally on the mend. Last week came a setback. The Government said the trade gap widened to \$12.5 billion in June, from \$9.8 billion in June, from \$9.8 billion the previous month. Both sides of the balance sheet showed that overseas producers were once again grabbing a larger share of the market. U.S. exports, which had been rising robustly thanks to the downsized dollar, slumped 2.4%, to \$26.8 billion. Imports arrived in a fresh wave, rising 5.7%, to \$39.4 billion.

Yet financial markets took the news in stride, since the situation may not be as bad as the June figures suggest. For the first six months of 1988, the trade deficit is running at an annual rate of \$140 billion, a significant improvement from 1987's record \$170 billion gap.

SHIPPING

Boon for a Boondoggle

The Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway took \$2 billion and twelve years to build, but even before the 234-mile-long canal opened in 1985, it became notorious as one of the biggest

Government boondoggles of all time. Connecting the Tennessee River with Alabama's Tombigbee River, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico at Mobile, the waterway was intended to give commercial traffic an alternative route to the Mississippi River. But the Tennessee-Tombigbee quickly proved to be much more popular with pleasure boaters than with shippers, who prefer the Mississippi because it is deeper, wider and has fewer locks.

This summer, though, boaters accustomed to placid rides along the Tenn-Tom are complaining about the growing number of barges loaded with coal, chemicals and other freight. Since the drought has made the Mississippi more hazardous for some vessels, many shippers have turned to the Tenn-Tom, still easily navigable. Says Joe Pyne, president of Houston-based Dixie Carriers: "Without it, some companies would have shut down." In July the waterway carried 2 million tons of cargo, the first time that mark was reached in a single month. So far this year, 5.8 million tons have been hauled, vs. 4 million tons in all of 1987.

Once the drought ends, commercial traffic is likely to decrease again, but not necessarily to previous low levels. Says Pat Ross, an administrator of Tenn-Tom's Development Authority: "At least this experience will give new users a history of operating on the Tenn-Tom, and that's got to be good for our future."

EXTRAS

Room-Service Running Shoes

When America's fitness craze took hold, posh hotels began providing in-house gyms and workout rooms, along with the requisite terry-cloth robes. Now some hoteliers are adding a twist: lending sporting goods and clothes to guests at no extra charge. In several cases, the manufacturers provide the merchandise free in an effort to snare new customers. Boston's Ritz-Carlton offers Rockport walking shoes, Spalding basketball equipment and Canadian Royal skates. The rival Four Seasons Hotel in Boston hands out Reebok shoes. At the RiverPlace Alexis Hotel in Portland, Ore., guests can don Nike jogging suits and shoes. The sporting-goods company, based in nearby Beaverton, is negotiating with three leading hotel chains that are interested in offering Nike products nationwide.

SECURITY

Attack of the Killer Shrub

Scientists call it trifoliate orange. Barrier Concepts Inc. uses the brand name Living Fence. Most appropriate, perhaps, is its more common nickname "P.T.," which stands for "pain and terror."

That is what intruders experience if they try to penetrate one of the newest and most unusual security devices on the market: rows of P.T. bushes used as fences. Amid the innocuous-looking white flowers and glossy green leaves are 4-in. razor-sharp thorns that make the bushes nearly impossible to climb over and are strong enough to stop a speeding jeep. P.T. plants grow naturally in the hills of East Tennessee, sometimes reaching a height of 20 ft., and have long been used by local farmers to protect livestock. Now Barrier Concepts, an Oak Ridge, Tenn., firm, is selling the bushes to such security-minded customers as the CIA, the Secret Service and the military. The Marine Corps Air Station in Cherry Point, N.C., bought 32,000 of the bushes to encircle ammunition depots, fuel bunkers and runways. "You'd need a chain saw to get through them if you could get close enough," observes a Cherry Point security officer.

A Living Fence costs \$3 a foot, in contrast to \$42 a foot for a chain link fence. Except for an occasional pruning (which must be done carefully), P.T. plants require virtually no maintenance. They take five years to reach effective size, but Barrier Concepts says the bushes last up to 35 years, three times as long as most metal fences. The firm hopes to sell its product to private citizens, perhaps by pushing the idea that Living Fences make the best neighbors.

Sport



The Old Course at St. Andrews in its original and only form, where golf has been played since the 12th century

CANNON—ALLEGRETTO

The Misty Birthplace of Golf

A slice of life, or a life of slice: going home to the bracken and broom

No one is exactly sure when or where golf was invented, and only God knows why. The Romans, the Dutch, the Chinese and a few others over the years have been willing to take partial responsibility, reasoning that any grassy place with shepherds and crooks might have done it. After all, what is more inevitable than a man lifting a club to vent some hideous rage on the most innocent object in his path?

The consensus is that it came from Scotland. So, whatever their ancestry, golfers are disposed to imagine that, in some essential way, they did too. As for the location of the Scottish maternity ward, there is no question. It is St. Andrews. According to the Morrises (Old

and Young Tom), Bobby Jones and Henry Cotton, a serious golfer cannot be confirmed without going home to the broom and bracken of the Old Course. Furthermore, it is considered a crime against nature to trace a route any less circuitous than by way of Turnberry, Troon, Prestwick and Muirfield.

"Serious golfer" is a superfluity, since there are no frivolous ones. Even the most heartbreakingly hacker is expected, indeed required, to hand his soul over in significant measure to the game. In return, he is issued a sackful of allegories and a lot of little road maps pointing to the unfairness, or at least the arbitrariness, of life. Ostensibly, a number of tangibles go with it as well.

Golf is considered a boon to both

physical and mental health, though almost no one ever looks or feels better after a round. While intended to be a display of self-control, fundamentally it reveals temper. Implied in the game's sociability are honor, forthrightness, friendship, kindness, courtesy, generosity and understanding. But nearly nowhere are frailties of character laid bare than on a golf course. After 18 holes with a stranger, you know him. And golfers are as prone as the police to develop fatalistic cynisms about their fellow men.

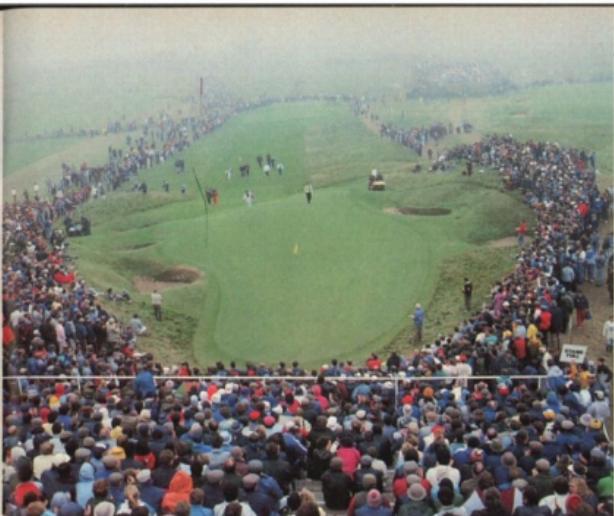
For beginning this summer's pilgrimage, Turnberry on the west coast seems a happy spot, being so convenient to Glasgow. The course fairly floats in midair over the Firth of Clyde, much the way Pebble Beach overlooks the Pacific Ocean, including the crashing surf and even the barking seals. Turnberry's open spaces are generous, and the heavy work is yet to come: the hands ringing in the heather and the hands wringing over the gorse. Scottish golf is a bouncier brand, played as much on the ground as in the air, and only when the putts are rolling well does anyone look up at the sky.

The outline of an island is visible on the sea. An old Spitfire runway has been commandeered by a wing of gulls. Their strafing missions are conducted over a neglected lighthouse. All in all, quite beautiful. Still, it's easy to see how Tom Watson was able to close with 65-65 to Jack Nicklaus' 65-66 in their famous staring match at the 1977 Open. Turnberry is a soft place to start.

The clubhouse at Muirfield, the most elegant estate on the Firth of Forth

REUTER/LAURENCE





On the Muirfield course, Tom Watson both won the Open and was kicked off the same day

Even with its charming "postage-stamp" hole, aced by Gene Sarazen at the age of 71, Troon is more distant, dim, vague, gray, dreamy and melancholy, much closer to the mind's impression of moors and mires. It resembles a battleground that is really a testing ground, bumpy and full of bad breaks. Like youth, the longest shots start to go a little awry, until, like hope, they disappear entirely into the darkness of the day. "Unrecoverable," say the caddies without irony, over and over. "Unrecoverable." On the moonlit night, the golf-course hotel might be Baskerville Hall. From the center window of the Roberto de Vicenzo suite, the shadow of the course appears to be moving. Something emits a low, long, unimaginably sad wail. It's a golfer.

Prestwick is moodier still, especially without caddies. This is the original Open course, drafted for the first twelve championships, not re-elected since 1872. But for occasionally happening on a green, one would never suspect Prestwick was a golf course. It looks like the Ponderosa. A

par-four hole is overdriven from the tee, while a par-three one is unreachable from anywhere. Most of the holes are par fives. The sole compensation for being lost and confused all day is a blind 3-iron shot at the 201-yr. fifth hole, aimed high over a scrubby embankment but pushed comically to the right. It turns out to be 5 ft. from the cup.

The last stop before the city of St. Andrews in the kingdom of Fife is the east coast and Muirfield, the most elegant estate on the Firth of Forth. No trees, no burns (creeks), 165 sand traps. It is raining sideways, and one of the caddies is a matron named Heather, who replies to confusion with every profane mention of the stuff. Keep a grip on the club, get a grip on yourself. The Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers goes back to 1744 and leather golf balls filled with boiled feathers. But the club still hasn't got around to building a pro shop. Modern ammunition can be purchased at the tobacco counter in the dining room, the

Troon resembles a battleground that is really a testing ground, bumpy and full of bad breaks

ASSOCIATED PRESS

nerve center of the operation. The custom is to play 18 holes, dress up for lunch, then play 18 more.

At table, a steely old Scot with a military carriage who ought to have side-whiskers introduces his grandson and relates his favorite Muirfield tale of the day. Watson both won the 1980 Open and was kicked off the course. With authentic old niblicks and featheries, he had gone back out after hours in the company of the historian Ben Crenshaw, only for a hole or two, to cement his memory. The club secretary, Paddy Hamner, dragged them off by the ears. "But, of course," the grandfather says, "you're on that same sort of mission, aren't you? You're on your way to St. Andrews."

It's a little gray city of turrets and spires, cathedrals, castles and university complexes, bookstores and pubs. Between a hill of cutout ruins and the turgid North Sea rests the Old Course in its original and only form, where golf has been played since the 12th century. Every course has 18 holes only because this one does.

The nicknames of the landmarks that dot the holy land are as familiar as the wind to golfers: the Swilken Burn, the Principal's Nose, the Beardies, the Coffins, Hell Bunker, the Road Hole, Granny Clarke's Wynd, the Valley of Sin. An elderly caddie named Alex, who wears a checkered cap but otherwise has the grace not to be too picturesque, checks them off as you go. Every calamity has its accompanying parable: "This bunker you're buried in is the Bob Jones bunker. Unable to escape it, he stormed off the property and pledged never to return. Of course, he came back to win the Amateur and the Open both."

After a dismal while, though, Alex begins to fret about the destructive force of tradition and tries to lighten the atmosphere. "Forget the Beardies, the Coffins and the Principal's left nostril," he says. "You have three pars on the trot now." But too many shots, moments and memories have been missed. The game is up. On the 18th hole, a meager drive, a half-skulled 6-iron, a pitifully pulled putt and a long tap-in add up to a par four that tastes like turned milk. "You're home," whispers Alex, graciously leaving off the "laddie." Home? Right. Yeah. Sure. Well. It's good to be home.

—By Tom Callahan

POWELL—ALLSPORT





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Press



Limited access: a Brazilian TV crew grabs an interview during its time on the floor



Seeking substance: commentary by a French reporter

Getting the Foreign Angle

Journalists from 51 countries cope with convention coverage

It was Day 2 of the Republican National Convention, and Luis Carlos Azenha, a correspondent for Brazil's TV Manchete network, and his crew of two were trolling for stories outside the New Orleans Superdome. They headed for Lafayette Square, where they hoped to get pictures of men kissing each other at a rally protesting the Republicans' stand on AIDS. The square, however, was deserted except for a sprinkling of mounted police and a handful of journalists with the same idea as the Brazilians. No story there.

The team moved on to the Hilton hotel, where the National Education Association was holding a luncheon for Mau-reen Reagan. Azenha had heard that some of the vice-presidential contenders might be at the lunch, and he was hoping to interview them. But there was no sign of Bob Dole or Jack Kemp in the cavernous hall. Azenha managed to collar the President's daughter, who provided a few remarks. Later in the day, he interviewed Shirley Temple Black, a delegate from California, and Actor Charlton Heston.

What Azenha and other foreign journalists who attended last week's Republican Convention painfully discovered was that finding a story they could break in New Orleans was about as likely as encountering a flood of the drought-stricken Mississippi River. Even when controversy arose over George Bush's running mate, Senator Dan Quayle, many reporters from abroad had trouble developing fresh leads on the story, lacking as they did the facilities and long-standing contacts of their American colleagues.

Yet the foreign journalists made up in enthusiasm and numbers whatever they lacked in resources. A record 1,300 of

them, representing more than 300 news organizations in 51 countries, covered both party conventions this year, exposing more television viewers and newspaper readers around the world to the U.S. presidential contest than ever before. Britain and Canada dispatched large contingents from 15 print and broadcasting organizations each, but the Japanese outdid them in New Orleans with six networks and twelve newspapers. "It shows one thing," said Toshio Mizushima, a correspondent for the Tokyo-based daily *Yomiuri Shimbun*, "that the Japanese viewers and readers are very eager to know what is really going on in this election." So are the Europeans. The C-SPAN network's video verité coverage of the podium in At-

lanta was beamed by satellite to 22 European countries, prompting hundreds of viewers in those countries to write to the C-SPAN offices in Washington. Interest in President Reagan's farewell speech was so high in Britain that the BBC broadcast it live from New Orleans in a 3½-hour special beginning at 1:10 a.m. in London.

The one big story of the U.S. presidential race is really many stories to foreign journalists, depending on which aspect of the candidates' views or the parties' platforms is of greatest concern to their own countries. The Japanese press has concentrated on trade and economic issues, while the South Africans are almost single-mindedly focused on the question of American sanctions. This year's campaign has received unusually wide coverage in the Philippines because of George Bush's now famous 1981 toast commanding President Ferdinand Marcos for his "adherence to democratic principles and to democratic processes."

For all the attention lavished on the two party conventions, most foreign reporters regarded them as anachronisms, heavier on rhetoric and glitz than substance, keyed more to the TV audience than to give-and-take among the delegates. "It's more a prime-time TV show than a convention," said John Wiseman of Network Ten Australia about the event in New Orleans. "Compared with Australian party conventions, which involve wheeling and dealing and political disputes, I find these conventions lacking in hard politics."

Most of the foreign journalists preferred covering the Democrats to the Republicans. "Jesse Jackson saved the whole convention in Atlanta," said Turkish Reporter Turan Yavuz. "If Bush would have announced his vice-presidential choice earlier, we'd all be walking around the French Quarter."

What turned out to be the most popular convention feature broadcast by West



A Taiwanese correspondent broadcasts live
Hotel rooms below Third World standards.

Germany's ZDF network was about itself. Assigned a trailer in the bowels of a garage near Atlanta's Omni Coliseum, ZDF staffers soon realized that a railway line ran right by their side of the building. When freights rumbled past, they had to hang blankets over the trailer's windows to dampen the noise while correspondents recorded their voice-overs. After a few days, the ZDF staff put together a light-hearted story comparing the dark netherworld of their trailer with the bright lights and glamour of the Omni Coliseum, where the Democrats were meeting. The story was a hit in West Germany and ran twice in translation on CNN; the ZDF home office ordered a similar story from the Republican Convention.

Most other foreign reporters could identify with ZDF's plight. Many complained that they were barred from certain briefings and often could not get an audience with political heavyweights. But the most consistent gripe concerned hotel accommodations. In Atlanta the Democrats assigned many foreign journalists to hotels 25 to 30 miles from the convention center. They were closer to the action in New Orleans, but many complained that the hotels assigned by the Republicans were second-rate and sometimes downright seedy. Alejandro Rodrigo, an Argentine working for Italy's ANSA news agency, described them as "below Third World standards."

Yoav Karny, correspondent for the Israeli daily *Ha'aretz*, was promised a hotel in New Orleans with room service and cable TV so he could follow the convention on CNN while he was writing. He arrived to discover that the hotel offered neither. Within two hours, the toilet in his room had flooded. And because he was made to pay for his entire stay in advance, he could not move. "American journalists expect to be treated imperially when they go abroad, and they are," said Karny. "I do understand priorities, but I expect some sort of reciprocity."

While Karny and other sole representatives of foreign newspapers will probably cover the 1992 conventions the same way they covered 1988's, some of the foreign television networks are already considering scaling back. "It's becoming too expensive, and all the debate is over before we get here," asserted Tony Naets, bureau chief of the European Broadcasting Union, an association of European broadcasters. Said Martin Bell of the BBC: "People back home are beginning to realize that these are not nominating conventions."

Nevertheless, the journalists agreed that America's selection of presidential candidates would remain a story that the foreign media could hardly ignore. "The U.S. is the most powerful country in the world," said Zevi Ghivelder, a TV Manchete commentator. "Don't you think that in the days of ancient Rome all the world worried as to who was going to be the next Caesar?" —By Laurence Zuckerman.

Reported by Naresh S. Mehta/New Orleans

They Put Him in Writer's Block

A prisoner charges his warden with violating his rights

Dannie Martin is used to being punished when he does something wrong. Indeed, Martin, 49, is currently serving a 33-year prison sentence for the 1980 attempted armed robbery of a Cle Elum, Wash., bank. But Martin is convinced that a recent eviction from his home of seven years in California's federal penitentiary at Lompoc is a grave injustice, and he has a powerful ally. The San Francisco *Chronicle* has joined Martin in a lawsuit charging that federal prison officials are unfairly attempting to silence

ment. Prison officials said Martin was being investigated for "encouraging a group demonstration" and they feared "a threat to his safety" if he were free to circulate among other prisoners. Martin returned to his cell after 48 hours, but a week later he was transferred to a prison in San Diego, in preparation for yet another move to a facility near Phoenix. Fearing that Martin was beginning a regimen that inmates call "bus therapy"—being transferred from facility to facility—both Martin and the *Chronicle* filed suit against Rison, two



Martin at his new home in Phoenix: "Just trying to put a human voice into the stereotypes"

him for exercising his First Amendment rights to free speech.

Martin's relationship with the *Chronicle* began two years ago, when the inmate sent an unsolicited article to Peter Sussman, editor of *Sunday Punch*, the paper's weekly features and commentary section. Sussman was impressed by the story—a harrowing account of the indiscriminate sexual assignations of several AIDS-infected inmates—and decided to run it. Soon Martin became a regular contributor, with a series of pointed and well-read pieces about life behind bars at Lompoc.

But last June Martin published a piece that displeased one very important reader: Richard Rison, the newly appointed warden at Lompoc. Headlined THE GULAG MENTALITY, Martin's article charged that Rison had increased tension at the prison by limiting access to the recreation yard and replacing the inmates' individually decorated and highly prized chairs with plain gray folding chairs. "He's tryin' to start a riot," complained an unidentified convict in Martin's story. "We might just as well give him one and get it over with."

Two days after the story appeared, Martin was placed in solitary confine-

ment. Other Lompoc officials and two officials of the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Says Jeffrey Leon, Martin's attorney: "We believe he was punished as a direct result of his article, and that is illegal."

Rison and federal prison officials maintain that Martin had broken federal regulations against prisoners' being employed and receiving outside compensation. Defense Attorney George Stoll argued at a hearing last month that Martin "isn't Bret Harte or somebody who is uniquely describing the California experience. He's a federal prisoner, and he's moved around from time to time."

After the hearing, U.S. District Court Judge Charles Legge issued a temporary restraining order barring prison officials from retaliating against Martin but allowing his previously planned move to Arizona. He will get another hearing next week. Meanwhile, talking over a tapped telephone in his new home, Martin argued that his articles were "just trying to put a human voice into the stereotypes of criminals. I could've dug up a lot of dirt at Lompoc and written about it, but I never did because I'm not a stool pigeon. All I'm trying to do is be a writer."

—By Laurence Zuckerman.
Reported by D. Blake Hallinan/San Francisco



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pastel dream.

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is the warmth of a

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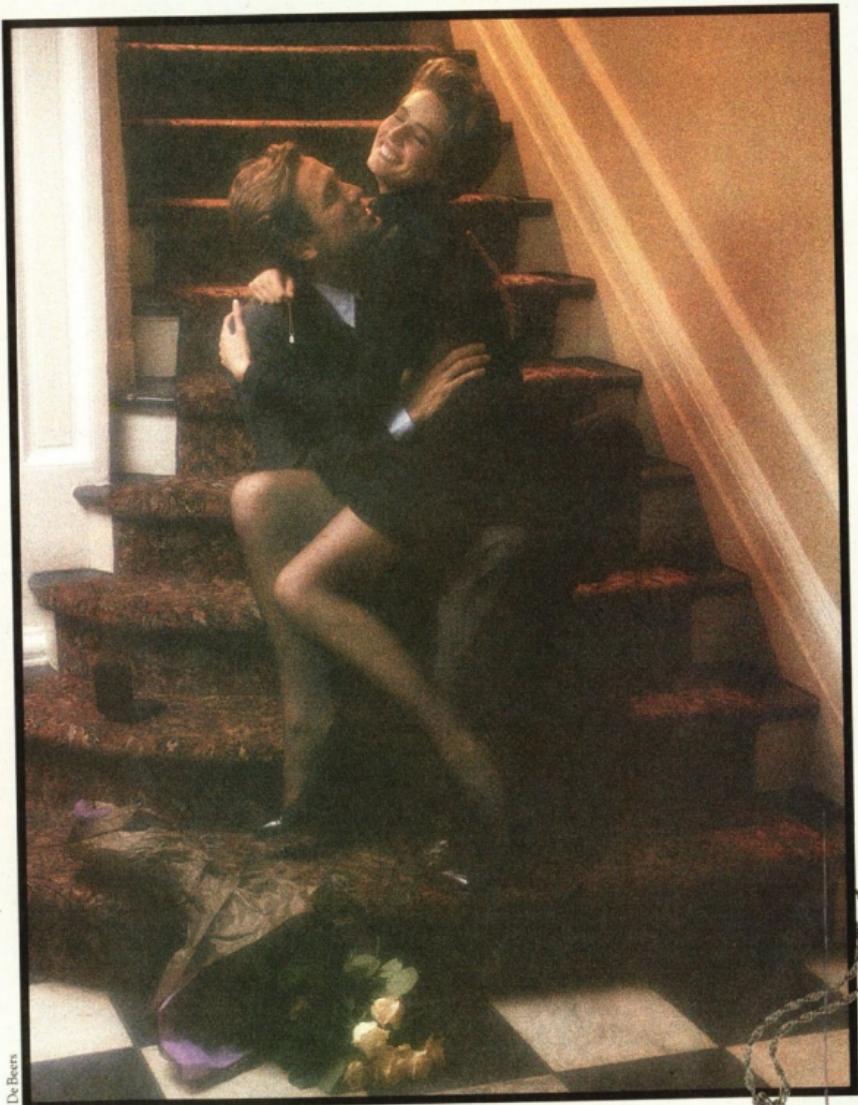
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Medicine



Enhanced effects: an insulin nasal spray for diabetics under development in California

Just What the Doctor Ordered

Space-age methods deliver drugs with new punch and precision

Following the doctor's prescription used to be simple enough. You dutifully swallowed your pills, smeared on your ointment or gulped down your medicine. And that was it. But physicians are finding that the old-fashioned ways of delivering medication can render treatment hopelessly ineffective—even dangerous. Some people just forget to take pills, and repeated trips to the doctor for shots can be unpleasant and expensive. Tablets and injections can flood the bloodstream with drugs and disperse them unevenly through the system. And drugs can have toxic side effects. With an array of potent, highly specialized new therapeutic drugs on the market, scientists are busy developing a dazzling assortment of space-age techniques that promise to deliver the drugs to the body in safe and effective dosages.

The new methods, many still in the experimental stage, are myriad and mind-boggling. Tiny biodegradable capsules are under development that can be embedded in a woman's thigh or arm and will automatically dispense contraceptive hormones for a year. Researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are experimenting with dissolvable plastic wafers that are implanted in the brain and slowly release an antitumor drug for cancer victims. The day is not far off when most diabetics will be able to give themselves insulin with a nasal spray. In California doctors are working on drug-loaded bubbles of fat that bind themselves to diseased cells. Says Robert Langer, a biomedical engineer at M.I.T.: "It's an explosive field with enormous potential."

Controlled-release systems first appeared in the 1950s with the introduction

of Dexedrine's "tiny time capsules." Variations have included slowly dissolving wax-coated pills and small adhesive skin patches capable of delivering doses of medication. The new drug-delivery systems, based on advances in molecular biology, represent a dramatic improvement over their predecessors. Take the plastic wafer, about the size of a quarter, that can carry powerful drugs to brain-cancer victims. Researchers have known for some time that disks formed of chemical structures called polymers work well for dispensing small molecules like nitroglycerin, a pain reliever commonly used for heart patients. But the polymers seemed stubbornly resistant to releasing larger molecules of substances like insulin and growth hormones in the slow, steady doses needed for diabetics and underdeveloped children.

To solve the problem, Langer and his colleagues reconfigured the structure of polymers to enable drugs to be dispensed in measured doses. Explains Langer: "Because its route is so tortuous, the drug gets out, but slowly." Langer is now testing an injectable system for diabetics in which enzymes sensitive to glucose in the bloodstream are placed in microscopic polymers along with insulin. The drug is released through the complex, porous polymer structure. Because the solubility of insulin increases in the presence of glu-

cose, the more glucose in the blood, the more drug is released. This "intelligent" method represents a potential revolution in the treatment of diabetes, since blood-sugar levels in diabetics are thought to be best controlled by the continuous release of insulin each day, supplemented by increased doses around mealtimes.

In Mountain View, Calif., a biotechnology company is developing a nasal spray for diabetics that uses "enhancer molecules" to coat and carry insulin through the mucous membranes and into the bloodstream. Preliminary tests show that a wisp of the spray at mealtime may mimic the healthy body's response to rising blood-sugar levels. According to the company, the insulin can take full effect in less than 15 minutes, in contrast to two to three hours for an injection.

While the polymer and spray systems stress control and timing, others—such as those being tested at the Cancer Research Institute of the University of California at San Francisco—attempt to deliver specific drugs to specific cells. To accomplish this, microscopic bubbles of fat, called liposomes, are filled with a cancer drug and attached to antibodies that have the ability to distinguish cancer cells from healthy cells. Injected, the package ignores normal cells and attaches to diseased ones. But getting the liposomes to stay in the blood long enough to do their job has been difficult until now. Researchers seem to have solved the problem by changing the surface chemistry of liposomes so that they can circulate for longer periods. Says

UCSF Pharmacologist Demetrios Papahadjopoulos: "It's an entirely new beast. We beat the system."

Not all of the new delivery systems are directed at life-threatening diseases. Scientists at Advanced Polymer Systems of Redwood City, Calif., have turned to a more consumer-oriented line: synthetic microsponges averaging one-thousandth of an inch in size and containing 10 ft. to 20 ft. of drug-filled intertwining tunnels. When the sponges, which are as fine as dust, are rubbed on the skin, they squeeze out controlled

bursts of sunscreen, local anesthetic, aftershave, insect repellent or antidandruff ingredients. Quips A.P.S. Senior Vice President Martin Katz: "We're only beginning to scratch the surface." The next generation of drug-delivery systems is already on the drawing board: implantable microscopic mechanical devices, including gears and motors produced like computer chips.

—By John Langone

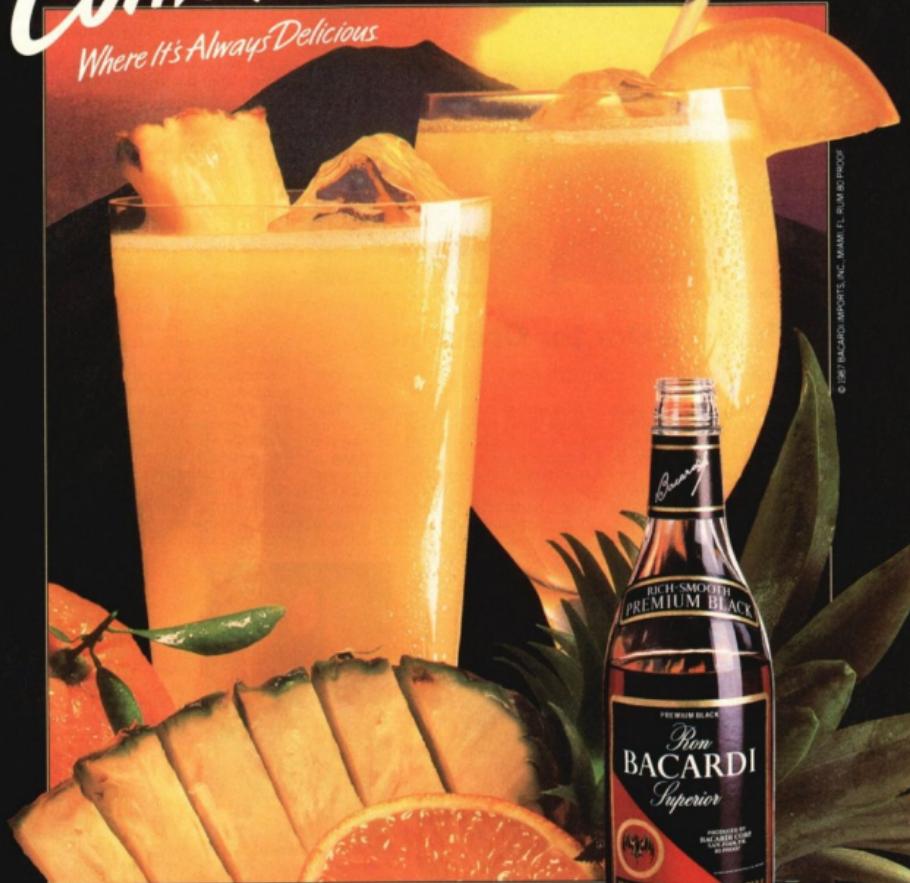
Reported by Robert Buderi/Boston and Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



Coin-size implantable wafer

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Books

Separation of Church and Dreck

WHEAT THAT SPRINGETH GREEN by J.F. Powers; Knopf; 352 pages; \$18.95

Twenty-five years ago, J.F. Powers reached a summit in his literary career and chose that moment to make a surprising announcement. After building a quietly distinguished reputation with two collections of stories, *Prince of Darkness* (1947) and *The Presence of Grace* (1956), he had just won the National Book Award for his 1962 novel *Morte D'Urban*. In the hubbub after his prize, Powers dropped his revelation. His next novel, he told reporters, would not have a priest in it.

No priest? Why, virtually everything Powers had written till then had been about Roman Catholic clergymen in out-of-the-way Midwestern parishes. He had established himself as an uncannily intimate chronicler of their workaday lives away from the altar: their immersions in church politics and fund raising, their intramural feuds and poker-table cronyism, their struggles with vinegary housekeepers, booze and loneliness. Not that Powers by any means fell into the cozy category of "Catholic writer"; his vision, though compassionate, was too unsparing for that. Still, a Powers book without a priest would be like—well, a John Cheever book without a commuter.

Years passed, and it began to look as if there might not be any novel at all. Powers published another story collection in 1975, *Look How the Fish Live*, but after that came only silence. Now, at 71, he has produced *Wheat That Springeth Green*, and, praise be, he has made a liar of himself. There is a priest in the book. *Wheat*, in fact, is devoted entirely to Father Joe Hackett, who in the late 1960s arrives as the rector of the comfortable suburban parish of St. Francis and Clare. And once again, the central dilemma is that however much a priest may try to look to the next world, he remains hopelessly, helplessly entangled in this one.

Father Joe is short, overweight, too fond of food and especially of drink; he is no crowd pleaser but no fool either, a traditionalist, competent and at the same time numbed by routine. Like many a middle-age professional man, he has problems with the home office (obstructive tactics by the chancery, presided over by Monsignor "Catfish" Toohey, a despised rival of Joe's since childhood), with his clients (an overbearing parishioner who wants to buy his child's way into the church school) and with his territory (blatant boosterism for the suburb's tacky shopping mall, dominated by the "40-foot idol" of the Great Bad-

ger, complete with waving paw and an exposed, red neon heart). Even his assistant lets him down at first. When Joe gets a curate assigned to him, he turns out to be a child of the '60s, in jeans and T shirt, who plays folk guitar and cannot type.

Joe has few illusions about imperfection, his own or the church's. Yet, although he is far removed from his days as

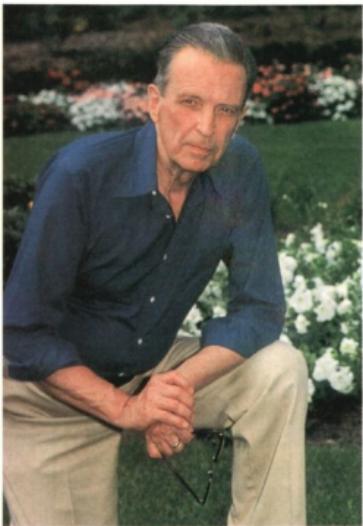
fellowship are wicked social comedy. For days after his curate's arrival, Joe goes through an ordeal of embarrassed detective work in search of the key fact he had failed to learn about the young priest: his name. When the curate's trendy seminary pals come to the rectory for a meal, they grate on Joe by questioning the rule of celibacy and saying they wish they could celebrate Mass with a beer mug or a coffee cup. Joe snaps at them: "Life's not a cookout by Brueghel the Elder."

Wheat has a few vivid set pieces, like Joe's precocious sexual initiation at 15, no dramatic confrontations or full-orchestra effects. Instead, Powers works through a series of small, sharply observed moments. Joe gradually opens up to his curate, forging a paternal relationship that is a form of love. But as his emotions soften, his principles harden. Implicitly, he encourages an antiwar draft dodger, the son of a jingoistic local columnist. "I have to follow my conscience, informed or not, and you do," Joe tells the boy. "That, despite all the evidence to the contrary, is the mind of the Church."

Joe, drinking less, is now ready for a radical choice of his own. When the Dreck really closes in on him, abetted by the p.r. machinations of the Arch himself, Joe makes a brave, ambiguous move. Powers describes it in a *terse diminuendo* that may puzzle some readers, but its implications are moving nonetheless. Prompted by despair as well as hope, resignation as well as renewal, it can be seen as either a spiritual triumph or a practical failure: not for nothing does the novel end with the word *cross*.

If Joe's journey to that final word is long and arduous, Powers' was no less so. "Ridiculous," says the author, shaking his head over his protracted effort to finish the book. There were the distractions of raising five children, of moving to Ireland and back to the U.S., and of coping with the long illness of his wife, Writer Betty Wahl, who died in May. But mostly Powers blames his own temperament ("Basically, I'm lazy") and age: "When you're a young writer, you think you can do anything, and therefore sometimes you can. But an old writer is like an old boxer: he's cut up, he's been knocked out, he knows all the ways you can get killed. So he's careful—too careful."

Professorships in creative writing helped to support him. Since 1976 he has taught one term a year at the Catholic St. John's University in Collegeville, Minn., and lived in a small, plain stucco house on campus. This gives Powers a good vantage point on the church, about which he has views that sound much like Joe's. He believes in maintaining the celibacy rule "for reasons of comedy—we've got



Powers: an uncanny chronicler of the workaday clergy

"Good and evil, God and man . . . that's where it is."

a literal hair-shirt mystic at the seminary, he still believes the church is the one sure way to salvation. This, compounded by a moral disgust at his surroundings, leads to his most fundamental conviction: "The separation of Church and Dreck was a matter of life and death for the world."

How Joe tries to make that separation, and how he stumbles into his own path to sanctity, is Powers' story. He tells it in prose that is like his hero: unspectacular but full of impressive resources. Powers commands a variety of comic voices, from the wild, imaginary conversations with the Archbishop, or Arch, as Joe calls him, to the non sequiturs of sweet, dim Father Felix, the monk who helps Joe out on weekends when he is not chuckling over TV shows. The scenes in which Joe falls woefully short of his ideal of priestly

Books

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enough comedy without married priests. The curse of the church's success, he says, has been "selling out to the powers that be. Now it's in the situation of NBC, and ABC—trying to raise the ratings by screwing up Scripture by trying to make it easier for everybody to understand."

Powers has no apologies for returning once more to the narrow subject of priesthood, partly because he does not see it as a narrow subject. "From my point of view, it's the big play," he says. "Good and evil, God and man, life and death—that's where it is." He expects his new book to be no more appealing to a broad Catholic readership than his earlier ones. "They don't like what I have to say—don't want to believe it. I don't want to believe it." Powers can take comfort from one thing, however. Another revelation he made to a press back in 1963 was that, unprofiled as he was, he wished he could turn out excellent, memorable books. Coming after his previous four, *Wheat* amply fulfills that ambition. —By Christopher Porter

Toontownie

THAT'S NOT ALL FOLKS!

by Mel Blanc and Philip Bashe Warner; 275 pages; \$17.95

In 1961 the victim of a head-on car crash lay speechless in a Los Angeles hospital. On the 21st day of silence, the neurosurgeon tried a desperate measure: "How are you feeling today, *Bugs Bunny*?" he asked. The reply was immediate: "Eh, just fine, Doc. How're you?" A question to Porky elicited a similar response: "Just f-fine, th-thanks!" In his otherwise light-hearted autobiography, Mel Blanc recalls, when he had breathed life three decades earlier, Bugs and Porky, into whom he had been returning the favor.

When he recovered, the voice of more than 400 animated characters resumed. A career that had made him celebrated in the comic foil of Groucho Marx, George Burns and, most memorably, Jack Benny. It was for the Benny show that he regularly played a polar bear, an antique car, "Union Depot train caller" ("Anaheim, Azusa and Cuc ... amongal!"), a parrot Mexican ("What's your name?"), a dog ("Sy?"), a cat ("Si!"), and the choleric Professor LeBlanc, Jack's violin teacher: "Meet Be-née, could I have some water, please? Water? Yes. There's some in the cooler down the hall." "That ees not enough, would like to drown myself."

But as Blanc's memoir makes clear, his heart and vocal cords belong to real Toontown. Warner Bros., in the days when Yosemite Sam and Pepe Le Pew were as popular as Bogart and Bacall, those who care, Blanc reveals the secret of the stars: why Bugs Bunny speaks with a Brooklyn accent, why Porky sings like a tenor, and why Daffy Duck lisps. Those who do not care, as Blanc concludes, are *despicable*.

—By Stefan Kahl



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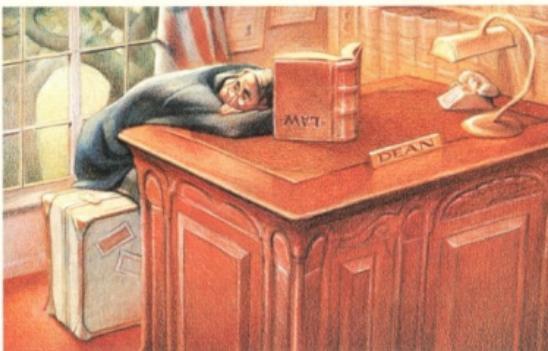
With declining influence, few law-school deans stay on the job

Earn less money. Get responsibility without power. Do boring work. Be blamed for everything."

So runs a satirical ad for a law-school deanship, concocted by New York University Law Professor Stephen Gillers, who, like many another legal scholar, had no interest in the recently vacant dean's spot at his university. Over the past four

years prof at a blue-ribbon school can in as much as \$200,000 extra in consumer fees. Deans are not only frequently encouraged from moonlighting, they sometimes have no time for it.

Still, the position retains enough cachet so that many scholars are willing to make the sacrifice—for a limited period. Georgetown's outgoing dean, Robert



years, 125 of the 174 law schools accredited by the American Bar Association, including Chicago, Georgetown and Harvard, have had to search for new deans. Once the capstone of a legal career, the post is now a revolving door, says James P. White, consultant on legal education to the A.B.A. "Twenty years ago, it was not uncommon for a dean to serve 15 or more years," he says. "Now the average deanship is five years or less. It's a much more frenetic job."

The pace is just one problem creating "a crisis in law deaning," says Frederick Anderson, who recently resigned as dean of Washington's American University Law School after just three years. "There are too many constituencies," he complains. Students expect the dean to be a sounding board for their concerns. The university administration may balk at requests for funding. Meanwhile, the faculty tends to regard the dean as a peer rather than a supervisor, someone who implements policy but does not make it.

Increased administrative pressures also discourage many scholars. As costs of running law schools have soared, deans spend as much as a third of their time fund raising. Compensation is another sore point. While a professor typically earns \$65,000 to \$90,000 for nine months of service and the average dean receives \$90,000 to \$150,000 for a year's work, a

totsky, has found his five years in office "very gratifying," but looks forward to summing up his full-time teaching of antitrust next year. "A deanship takes you away from scholarship," he says. "These are best done on a one-term basis."

With many scholars reluctant to disrupt their careers for more than a few years, a new brand of dean may be emerging. "Law schools have begun to think about hiring deans whose predominant qualification is administration," observes American University's Anderson. Tom Read, new dean of the University of California-Hastings College of the Law, exemplifies the trend. Read enjoys "the hurly-burly of the dean's office," so much so that his post is his fourth deanship. "A law-school dean is in some ways more like a football coach than an academician," he says. "You pull the team together, win as many battles as you can and move on."

Other experts believe short-tenured roving deans diminish the job and should change the schools. "It makes the deans an errand boy and caretaker," objects win Griswold, 84, who ruled Harvard with an iron hand from 1946 to 1967. "A dean to get a grasp of an institution, to know the players, it takes a few years," says the A.B.A.'s White. "I hope the trend will reverse itself."

—By Ezra B.

Reported by Andrea Sachs/New York

Music

When Folk and Rock Get Together

A tribute to a historic record label brings the past up to date

In its 39 years of active life, from 1947 to 1986, Folkways Records was a crazy quilt of Americana, a general store with a deep inventory of oddity, inspiration and wonder. The records sounded as if they had been made out in a field, as indeed they sometimes were. All done up in a sturdy cardboard sleeve, they even felt different. But in the midst of all this homespun, Folkways achieved what other companies bring off by accident: it got history on record.

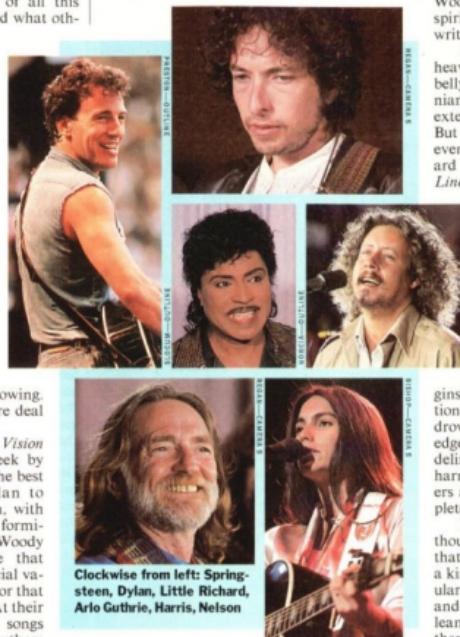
After Folkways Founder Moses Asch died in 1986, his company might have slipped off too. Folkways was an ideal more than a thriving business. The Smithsonian Institution wanted to keep the label going under its own aegis, but the proposition was financially daunting. So Bob Dylan and Folklorist and Smithsonian Official Ralph Rinzler came up with the idea of a commemorative album. Instead of ponying up, musicians were asked to contribute their talents—and royalties—to help subsidize the Smithsonian investment and keep Folkways flowing. The result is not only a square deal but also a spectacular record.

Folkways, subtitled *A Vision Shared* and released this week by Columbia, matches some of the best contemporary talent, Dylan to Springsteen to Willie Nelson, with songs by Folkways' two most formidable artists: Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie. Combinations like that have more than just commercial validity; they have a musical vigor that goes beyond curiosity value. At their best, the reworkings of the songs manage to illuminate their authors as well as redefining the performers.

The 14 cuts on *Folkways* date largely from the Depression and are bracketed by tradition. The gospel group Sweet Honey in the Rock opens up the set with a sweetened version of Leadbelly's *Sylvie* that nicely smartens up tradition, while Pete Seeger shuts things down with a tub-thumping rendition of Guthrie's *This Land Is Your Land*, with assistance from Sweet Honey, the revered guitarist Doc Watson and a chorus of school kids. It is Bob Dylan who builds the bridge into the present. His version of *Pretty Boy Floyd*, performed with acoustic guitar and harmonica, is filled with the fierce surprise of a man going in search of his

past and, against all odds, finding it.

After all this time, Dylan's voice has become a rickety vehicle, but Guthrie's songs are built for long trips over rough roads, and Dylan drives *Pretty Boy* home, hard. You can hear the Dylan of the early '60s in this version, making peace and moving along with his current incarnation.



Clockwise from left: Springsteen, Dylan, Little Richard, Arlo Guthrie, Harris, Nelson

tion, leaving behind in the process a reminder that many of his verbal, as well as musical, skills were drawn from a master. Guthrie foxed around with being just folks, but it took a writer of superlative skill—not to mention sophistication—to mingle folklore, radical politics and social satire as supinely as he did in *Pretty Boy's* famous chorus: "Well it's through this world I ramble/ I've seen lots of funny men/ Some will rob you with a six-gun/ And some with a fountain pen."

Bruce Springsteen's two cuts get to the core of another side of Guthrie: all the rue and desperate rage and inviolate pride he used to write about society's dis-

enfranchised. If Dylan's contribution forges a bond between his past and future, Springsteen sings to plow earth and show roots. Anyone who wonders where the populism and spareness of Springsteen's work in the '80s sprang from—and who has missed his memorable Guthrie performances in concert—can catch up here by playing *Vigilante Man* and *I Ain't Got No Home*. Similarly, U2's rip-it-up rendition of Guthrie's *Jesus Christ* and John Mellencamp's front porch dose of *Do Re Mi* have a musical vigor that snugly fits the sounds of today.

Woody's lyrics may be Depression spirited, but they never date; as a writer, he had an ear for the ages.

Folkways is weighted a little heavier toward Guthrie than Leadbelly, perhaps because the Smithsonian also is negotiating to buy the extensive Woody Guthrie archive. But the wildest cut on the album—even surpassing a nifty Little Richard rave-up on the *Rock Island Line*—is Brian Wilson's treatment of Leadbelly's *Goodnight Irene*. In the wake of the landlocked Beach Boy's superb first solo album, there has been quite enough recent publicity, thanks, about his extensive physical trials and mental tribulations. Perhaps there is a deliberate irony in this semi-natural but spun-out musical force singing a tune that begins "Sometimes I have a good notion/ To jump in the river and drown," but if so, it is unacknowledged. Wilson bulls ahead into a delirious arrangement of interknit harmonies, overlayered synthesizers and skittish vocals that is completely ravishing.

Even under such heavy disguise, though, there is no use pretending that the music on this record isn't of a kind that has long fallen into popular disfavor. This is folk music and—noticeably in Arlo Guthrie's lean and loving rendition of his father's *East Texas Red*—proud of it too. Despite periodic rapprochements, rock has always looked on folk with unease. For folkies, rock risked commercial compromise, while rockers always suspected folkies of being sanctimonious. When John Lennon wanted to put down Paul McCartney's suite on Side 2 of *Abbey Road*, he called it "folk songs for grannies." Lennon's last music picked up a lot from folk, however, just as all the musicians on this record have picked up their own inspirations, taken them away and, with a lot of change and a fresh fullness of spirit, brought them back home again, here. That is what makes *Folkways* unique: not only the sound of tribute but of giving thanks.

—By Jay Cocks

Cinema



Loving enemies: Winger and Arquette scan a paranoid future in *Betrayed*

Desperately Seeking Starlight

Three top actresses struggle gamely in a trio of failed films

HELP WANTED! PUH-LEEZE! I'm an actress with great refs, awards galore, star quality. Can play comedy or drama, aristocrat or working girl, sweet or sexy, any or all of the above. Critics love me, and moviegoers too. But my career's in neutral. Chewy female roles are hard to come by if your name isn't Meryl Streep. Still, I have lots to offer. What can Hollywood offer me?

Starlight is capricious. Its beam falls on the worthy and the fortunate, then moves restlessly on. In the era of the omnipotent film studios, performers were cushioned by long-term contracts and paternalistic moguls. A career was built through steady work in look-alike roles. But in these free-for-all days, actors—and

especially actresses—are on their own. They are defined more as artists than as stars; they market their craft, not their luminous personalities. They may win star parts or, on a lark, show up in cameo roles. They may take a year off to work in the theater or have a baby. The easy momentum of the golden age has vanished in an industry where most of the box-office breadwinners are men, and an actress's career rides on an audience's whim. The combustible element used to be star meets star; now it is star finds perfect role. But what if too many good actresses are scrambling for too few good scripts?

Debra Winger, Amy Irving, Rosanna Arquette: moviemakers should be begging to snare these actresses for fat and sassy

leading roles. No such luck. Irving has for a dozen years commuted easily between stage (*Amadeus*, *The Road to Mecca*) and screen (*Carrie*, *Yentl*), but movies have rarely caught her witchy allure. Arquette seemed a cinch for stardom after *Desperately Seeking Susan*, but her elfin sensuality has proved too weird for mainstream fare. As for the wondrous Winger, she anchored three big hits of the early '80s. But after *Urban Cowboy*, *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *Terms of Endearment*, her career loitered. Nobody saw *Mike's Murder*: nobody needed to see *Legal Eagles*. She was outglammed by Theresa Russell in *Black Widow* and nearly unrecognizable as a hobo angel in *Made in Heaven*.

What's a gal to do? Take what she can get, work hard and hope. The three new, earnest, off-Hollywood movies from this star-worthy trio—Irving's *Crossing Delaney*, Arquette's *The Big Blue* and Winger's *Betrayed*—suggest that when a project has doom scrawled across it, even an incandescent actress can't save the day. If her luck breaks even, maybe she can save herself.

There is no salvation for Irving in Director Joan Micklin Silver's *Crossing Delaney*. The star, playing a Manhattan bookstore manager named Isabelle Grossman, is made to look tired and behave with moral myopia. Can't Isabelle see that the European author (Jeroen Krabbe) who courts her is just one more serpent-eyed wordsmith who would flatter a pretty woman's intellect to soften her resolve? Can't she tell that sweet-souled Sam Posner (Peter Riegert), a pickle salesman from the old neighborhood, is the guy for her? Isabelle's Yiddish grandma (Reizl Bozyk) can tell, in clichés that fall from her lips like ripe plums.

Susan Sandler's script takes this same Old World view of urban feminism. Isabelle would be emotionally independent, but the movie knows better: she needs a man. Forced to choose between man the European snake and man the American



Fish out of water: Irving meets Pickle Vendor Riegert in *Crossing Delaney*; Arquette watches Barr and his pet dolphin in *The Big Blue*



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sofa. Isabelle chooses domestic comfort. *Crossing Delancey* takes Sam's cozy tone too, when it should be screaming its way into black satire. If that's all there is for a modern woman—or for an actress of Irving's sorceress smarts—then she might as well curl up in bed with Henry James or Henry Miller and turn out the lights on life.

Daisy Miller, only shriller. That's how European filmmakers have often pictured the American woman. In Luc Besson's *The Big Blue*, Arquette has to whine, pout, plead, giggle, all to get the attention of an otherworldly deep-sea diver (Jean-Marc Barr). But he has eyes only for dolphins and, vagrantly, for his fiercest competitor (Jean Reno). Two men dive to the depths—and, perhaps, the death—while she stays behind and paints Barr's apartment. Arquette has always looked like the last wanton of Woodstock, taunting the zippered-up '80s with her lithe carnality. But here she's baggage: the petulant voice of logic in the ear of an innocent sea creature. "I'm here! I'm real! I exist!" she shouts to him, and he dips into the sea like Flippa. Why would an actress go to the Mediterranean to be insulted on film? For a paid vacation, perhaps. But in the midst of this Riviera holiday, Arquette was taken hostage to the bland emotional terrorism of a talented young director in over his head.

One European director, Costa-Gavras, came to America looking for terrorism, and found it. Well, maybe he and Screenwriter Joe Eszterhas invented it, at least in this fulsome form. *Betrayed* is the story of Cathy Weaver (Winger), an FBI agent sent into the farm belt to investigate an armed conspiracy of the crackpot right. She falls in with, and then in love with, Gary (Tom Berenger), the man of her darkest dreams. For such a paranoid gent, he is pretty quick to accept Cathy. Before you can say "George Lincoln Rockwell," he has invited her to a "coon hunt"—ten white men having fatal sport with one innocent black. Before you can mutter "Zionist Occupation Government," he has taken her on dates to a paramilitary campground, a bank robbery and a political assassination. (Guess it beats dinner and a movie.) As Gary's angel-face seven-year-old daughter tells Cathy, "One day we're gonna kill all the dirty niggers and Jews, and everything's gonna be neat."

The film's conspiracy theory is neat, for sure. It manages to embody every institution liberals fear—including the FBI, which keeps sending Cathy back to the bed of the man who would kill her. It makes for a familiar movie dilemma, harking as far back as *Notorious* (1946) and as recently as *Martied to the Mob* (last week). And when these two loving enemies strike sparks, the picture comes briefly to coherent life. To a tough role, Winger brings all the gifts—chameleon face, whiskey-and-chocolates voice, hoydenish energy, keen moral intelligence, fierce authenticity—that make her a pleasure, an adventure, to watch. Pity they are in the service of a schizoid scenario that leaves this splendid actress in the same quandary as her screen sisters Irving and Arquette: cross, blue, betrayed.

—By Richard Corliss

Theater

A Rowdy Romp into the Past

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' Music by Fats Waller; Conceived by Richard Maltby Jr.

It is never easy to compete with the memory of a legend, yet the revivers of *Ain't Misbehavin'* have set themselves that task twice over. Not only do they seek to match the exuberant spirit of Pianist-Songwriter Thomas Wright ("Fats") Waller, whose 1920s and '30s Harlem jazz inspired the pell-mell 31-tune revue, but they also contend with the joyous memory of the 1978 debut staging, which won the Tony Award for Best Musical, made a star of Nell Carter, and ran almost four years before becoming an Emmy-winning NBC special. Of course, the producers of this daring venture have a leg up—or, as it often appears, a ham hock—be-

hem a season before) prompted a string of songbook shows. None has matched the verve or style of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and none has come close to the rowdy, raunchy yet infectious humor of its songs. Waller's connection with them varies from authorship to merely having recorded them, but they coherently reflect his view of life as meant for play and pleasure.

They also provide individual spotlights. Page is upbraided as he explains to an unseen partner that he cannot love her because *Your Feet's Too Big*, and he and De Shields are a hoot expressing scorn and envy for a rival whom they see as *Fat and Greasy*. De Shields belts



Jumpin' again: McQueen, Page, Woodard, De Shields and Carter reprise their 1978 roles

cause all five of the original actors came back, and *The Joint Is Jumpin'* better than ever.

The fat ones in the cast—Carter, Ken Page and Armelia McQueen—are just as fleshily beguiling as before. They giggle and strut with weighty grace unseen since the heyday of Jackie Gleason. The skinny ones—Andre De Shields and Charlaine Woodard—stomp and slither like sticks turning into snakes. The years have changed nothing except to add emotional texture. McQueen is still cute, but now conveys heartache beneath. De Shields has ripened from Superfly sleekness into a leading man's virility. The biggest change is in Carter, whose widely publicized battles with weight, cocaine and star-size ego have enriched her brassy sensuality with a survivor's stare of defiance.

The success of *Ain't Misbehavin'* (and, more modestly, of *Side by Side by Sond-*

T Ain't Nobody's Biz-Ness If I Do in an up tempo that may be delightfully surprising to fans of Billie Holiday's torchy rendition, and revels in marijuana in *The Viper's Drag*. Woodard, too little used, nonetheless glows in *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*, while McQueen is at her best in *Squeeze Me* and the bawdy *Find Out What They Like*. Carter demonstrates why her name is alone above the title in a bravura sweep from the campy love play of *Honeysuckle Rose* to the patter of the wartime *Cash for Your Trash* to a contemplative number newly added for her, *This Is So Nice*.

Sexier than *Oh! Calcutta!* and more emotional than *A Chorus Line*, each of which claims to be Broadway's longest-running show ever—plus richer in social history and sheer fun—*Ain't Misbehavin'* deserves a place alongside them into eternity.

—By William A. Henry III



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People

When **Nien Cheng's** sleeves fall back, the scars made by her prison manacles are still visible. But the ordeal is now decades in the past for the author of *Life and Death in Shanghai*, last year's best-selling account of surviving persecution during China's horrendous Cultural Revolution. Last week, on Liberty Island, Cheng, 73, took a further step away from the pain when she was sworn in as an American. "I had been practicing the Oath of Allegiance every morning," said Cheng, who now lives in Washington, D.C., a city she first visited and fell in love with nearly 50 years ago. Since she left China in 1980, first for Canada, then for the U.S., Cheng has traveled widely in Europe and Asia. But, she says, "I always have an overwhelming sense of joy when I come back to America." Now she can say she belongs.

Jackie Stallone don't pull no punches. Auditioning women boxers for a new TV show, *Slyvester's* mom makes her requirements clear: "blond beauties with big busts, long legs and big butts." Yes, Stallone,



Taking liberty: Nien Cheng

alone, no actresses need apply. After her son's messy divorce from **Brigitte Nielsen**, she has concluded that "an actress is someone with no ability who sits around waiting to go on alimony." Lest she have to defend such views, Stallone keeps herself in shape with a diet of carrots and celery and a little sparring on the side. Says she: "I don't put on boxing gloves to protect my manicure."

Who is that masked man? Gruff, stocky and paunchy, he is the kind of superhero who just won't fly in Metropolis. But in the megapolis of Mexico City, **Super Barrio** is a force to be reckoned with. Since last year, the Daring Defender of destitute apartment dwellers has become a folk hero by swooping down on landlords intent on evicting their tenants. His pleas for mercy often work, especially since he usually has lawyers and

the press in tow. No one knows his identity, though Super Barrio admits to once having been—no, not a bespectacled **Clark Kent** journalist—a professional wrestler turned street vendor. His mission came to him in a vision one day, he says, when a voice boomed: "You are Super Barrio, defender of tenants and scourge of greedy landlords." The voice was preceded by unearthly rays that bathed him in crimson and yellow light, leaving him garbed in a generously waisted hero suit. Villains, beware! Here comes the power paunch.

Holly Knight's achievements hardly go unsung. At 29, she has already composed four Top Ten singles: *Tina Turner's Better Be Good to Me*, *Heart's Never* and two hits for **Pat Benatar**, *Invincible* and *Love Is a Battlefield*. Knight's personal favorite. Too bad her work is often overshadowed by the stars who sing it. But, she says, "when you write a good tune and put all your energy into it, sooner or later it's all going to come back to you." With the release this week of her first album, *Holly Knight*, she emerges as a singer too.

And, in a switch, celebrity clients like **Daryl Hall** of Hall and Oates and **Anne Wilson** of Heart can be heard singing backup. Best of all, Knight finally gets to perform *Love*



Her own voice: Holly Knight

Is a Battlefield. All's fair in love, war and music.

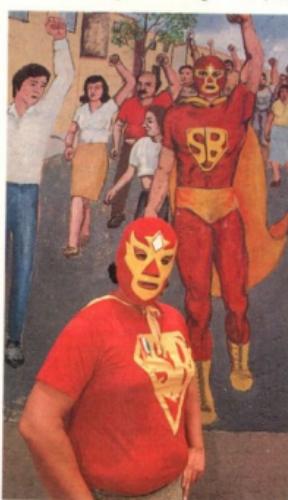
What's a mother to do when her child is guilty of selling cocaine? With her son **John Zaccaro** sentenced to four months of community service in Burlington, Vt., **Geraldine Ferraro** combed the city for a "cell" he could occupy under his house-arrest program. Last week a brouhaha developed over the kind of digs that Mom found: a furnished two-bedroom, one-bath apartment with 12-ft. ceilings, cable TV and maid service. Despite the gilt, Ferraro argued that the \$1,500-a-month apartment is very much a cage. She can visit John only twice a month, and he is allowed just an hour a week to shop. He must also stay in his room when not working at the local youth center. "It's better than being in jail," said Ferraro. "But he's by himself; he does his own cooking." Poor baby.

—By Howard G. Chus-Evan, Reported by David E. Thigpen/
New York



Rambo's Mombo: Jackie Stallone

seventyish, is producing a pulgistic version of her hugely successful *Glamorous Ladies of Wrestling (GLOW)*. Called the *Hollywood Hits*, the show should be on the air by October. However, says Mama Stall-



Power paunch: Super Barrio in life and art

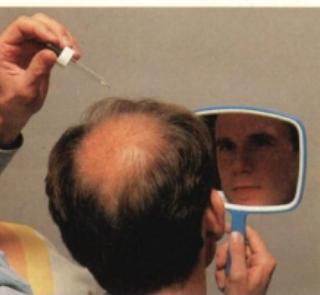
Health & Fitness

Gone Today, Hair Tomorrow

Minoxidil becomes the first FDA-approved drug for male baldness

A field without grass is an eyesore," wrote the Roman poet Ovid, "so is a tree without leaves, so is a head without hair." For centuries, bald and balding men have winced at such unkind references to their predicament. Conditioned to regard hairlessness as a male curse second only to impotence, they have historically taken drastic measures to undo their baldness. Some have pretended to own hair, bewigging their shining pates with nylon or natural locks; others have recycled what little thatching they have left, combing a few camouflaging strands across their brows or having "plugs" transplanted from one part of the head to another. Still others have poured their hopes into the creams and tonics of quacksalvers, seeking the ever elusive miracle cure for the androgenic alopecia—male-pattern baldness—that plagued them.

Hope may, at last, be where the head is. Last week the Food and Drug Administration approved a prescription medicine that increases hair growth in some men whose hair is thinning on top but not completely gone. Marketed by the Upjohn Co. under the trade name Rogaine, it is the first product ever cleared by federal regulators for treating hair loss. Its key ingredient: minoxidil, a highly touted drug that, in tablet form, had already been approved to treat high blood pressure. Only by accident did researchers discover that



Crowning touch: applying minoxidil-based Rogaine
If the treatment works, it needs a lifetime commitment.

minoxidil could also regrow hair. Anticipating a vast new market for the drug, Upjohn developed a liquid version and began testing it on bald heads. After twelve months, 39% of the men tested had moderate-to-dense hair growth on their crowns; 61% showed no growth at all.

Although the FDA action marks the first time the drug has been recognized as a baldness treatment, many doctors have already been prescribing it for their hair-impaired patients. Rogaine does not work equally for everyone, however. Best candidates: men under 40 who have been balding on the crown for ten years or less and who have a moderate amount of hair left. For some reason, the drug does not

seem to work on receding hairlines. Says Dr. Robert Stern of Harvard Medical School, who chaired the FDA panel: "The most important thing is to have fuzzy hair left—fine, light hairs."

Rogaine treatment requires perseverance: the lotion must be applied twice a day for four to six months just to see if it will work. Cost: up to \$400. Says Stern: "The chances of substantial results are only one in five, a large investment for a reasonably low chance of real cosmetic benefit." Moreover, if the applications are discontinued, the new hair disappears within a few months and balding continues at its previous pace. Says New York Dermatologist Stephen Kurtin: "The biggest resistance to minoxidil is not that the results may be only fair, but that it is a lifetime commitment."

While minoxidil appears to be safe, the FDA advises patients to get a thorough physical before taking it and then see their doctors periodically. One reason: those who have cardiovascular disease and who also absorb the drug more easily than others may be at risk of developing an irregular heartbeat, among other side effects. None of the test subjects have suffered such serious problems, however, although some have developed such minor complaints as itching, scaling and blistering of the scalp.

And what about those poor bald souls for whom Rogaine is not recommended? Ovid's fellow Roman, the epigrammatist Martial, may have had the best advice: "Be content to seem what you really are, and let the barber shave off the rest of your hair."

—By John Langone

Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York

Milestones

BORN. To Demi Moore, 25, husky-voiced Brat Pack belle (*St. Elmo's Fire, About Last Night . . .*), and her husband **Bruce Willis**, 33, television wiseacre (*Moonlighting*); their first child, a daughter; in Paducah, Ky. Name: Rumer Glenn. Weight: 8 lbs. 1 oz.

DIED. Peter Stoler, 53, TIME bureau chief in Canada and veteran writer on medicine and the environment; of cancer; in Ottawa. In his 20 years at the magazine, he covered subjects ranging from rejected Supreme Court Nominee G. Harrold Carswell to Ecologist Barry Commoner and Anthropologist Richard Leakey. One of the first journalists to reach Three Mile Island after the 1979 accident, Stoler analyzed the nuclear industry's woes in his 1985 book, *Decline and Fail*.

DIED. Edward Bennett Williams, 68, masterful Washington trial lawyer, owner of the

Baltimore Orioles and a former owner of the Washington Redskins; of cancer; in Washington. A consummate courtroom performer with empathy for jurors and near total recall of the minutiae of a case, Williams defended a galaxy of the famous and the notorious, including Teamster Czar Jimmy Hoffa and Red-baiting Senator Joseph McCarthy.

DIED. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., 74, former Congressman, son of the 32nd President, whose voice and quick charm were eerily evocative of his father; of lung cancer; in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. As a member of the U.S. House of Representatives from New York from 1949 to 1954, he championed extensions of New Deal welfare programs. In 1954 he was beaten for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York by Averell Harriman. Roosevelt campaigned for John F. Kennedy during the 1960 West Virginia presiden-

tial primary, accusing Hubert Humphrey of evading military service during World War II. Kennedy won the primary; Humphrey never forgave Roosevelt's slurs.

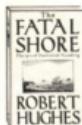
DIED. Frederick Ashton, 83, pre-eminent choreographer and former director of Britain's Royal Ballet; in Eye, England. Taking up ballet against his family's wishes, Ashton studied first with Léonide Massine, in 1924, and created his first ballet in 1926. He went on to conceive more than 100 works, notably *Enigma Variations* and *A Month in the Country*.

DIED. Enzo Ferrari, 90, paramount sports-car builder; in Modena, Italy. After a stint as an Alfa Romeo driver, Ferrari began building his own autos in the mid-1940s. In almost four decades, his sleek machines won nine Formula One world championships. Enamored consumers buy Ferraris at prices of up to \$267,000.

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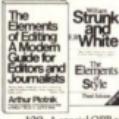
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Essay

Michael Kinsley

Acquired Plumage

"The boys of Viet Nam fought a terrible and vicious war . . . It was the unpampered boys of the working class who picked up the rifles and went on the march . . . They chose to believe and answer the call of duty."

—President Reagan, Memorial Day, 1986

"I did not know in 1969 that I would be in this room today," said Dan Quayle last week about his decision two decades ago to pull strings and get into the National Guard rather than risk serving and dying in Viet Nam. It was the most accidentally revealing remark of the week, outdoing even Ronald Reagan's classic Freudian slip at the convention. "Facts are stupid things." As Fats Waller so aptly put it, "One never knows, do one?" In this day when politicians are created like androids by consultants and pollsters, using off-the-shelf parts for everything from hairstyles to stands on particular issues to deeply held moral beliefs, it seems almost unfair that this small item from the past should gum up the works of a state-of-the-art model like the young conservative Senator from Indiana.

Senator Quayle is just one of many so-called war wimps or chicken hawks: prominent, youngish Reagan-era conservatives who, one way or another, ducked the war in Viet Nam. Others include such Reagan Administration foreign policy hard-liners as Elliott Abrams and Richard Perle, commentator Patrick Buchanan, and even Sylvester Stallone (who taught at a girls' school in Switzerland while the Commies were being beastly to his fantasy alter ego John Rambo). A similar Quayle-like controversy also surrounds the Rev. Pat Robertson, whose father, a Senator, may have helped him avoid combat in Korea.

It's wonderful to hear prominent Republicans suddenly discovering the vital role of the National Guard in preserving our freedom. Quayle himself said in his Thursday-night acceptance speech that he is "proud" of his National Guard service, during which he was trained as a welder and then put to work grinding out press releases. The same people who make a big issue of Michael Dukakis' veto of a law requiring people to recite the Pledge of Allegiance—implying, though never saying, that this casts doubt on Dukakis' patriotism—insist that it is somehow a cheap shot to ask what Dan Quayle's evasion of combat service in 1969 says about the boisterous hawkish values he professes to hold today. It's not hard to imagine what Republican hatchet men like Bush Campaign Manager Lee Atwater would do with this issue if the shoe were on the other foot.

Echoing a commonly expressed view during the New Orleans convention week, George Bush Jr. said of Quayle, "The thing that's important is [that] he didn't go to Canada." That is indeed an important distinction, but not in the way Bush Jr. seems to think. Those who went to Canada knew they were making a fundamental life choice. They, along with those who chose conscientious objection or outright draft resistance and jail, acted because they opposed the war. This may have been right or wrong, but it was a serious moral decision with serious moral consequences. The National Guard, by contrast, was a way to avoid Viet Nam and the

moral consequences at the same time. There is no evidence that the war Quayle ducked is one he opposed, let alone made any effort to end. Perhaps these days, with no draft and no war, people really do join the National Guard out of patriotism. But the idea that a desire to serve one's country motivated anyone to sign up for press-release duty in Indiana while others were fighting and dying in Viet Nam is a conceit that won't fool anyone over the age of about 35.

No one is required to be a hero, of course. If a high draft-lottery number hadn't saved me, I would have been grateful for the opportunity to lay my fingers on the line in the National Guard typing pool. Two things make Quayle's wartime experience on the Indiana front a legitimate embarrassment to him. First is how he got in. It's not absolutely clear that connections were necessary to join the Indiana Guard at that time, but it's clear Quayle and his family didn't leave things to chance. A valid issue on its own, this also compounds the G.O.P. ticket's "silver spoon" problem. Second, it's hard for a politician to strike a martial pose and accuse his opponents of insufficient devotion to American military strength when he passed up his one chance to make a personal contribution to that strength.

As a matter of pure logic, what the war wimp did (or, rather, didn't do) two decades ago says nothing about the merits of aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* or Star Wars or other issues today. But it does say something important about a person's character if he hasn't lived his life in accordance with his professed values. And it obviously tests his commitment to those values as well. That's why the political-robotics technicians of both parties expend so

much energy staging tableaux of loving family life, though strictly speaking the number of one's children, grandchildren and household pets is irrelevant in evaluating one's views on federal day care.

On the matter of war and peace, voters are especially entitled to feel that leaders have lived their beliefs. War has always been a matter of old men sending young men off to die. Sometimes that's necessary. But who wants to entrust that crucial decision to a person who, when young, apparently thought it was necessary for others to go but not for himself?

Ronald Reagan, who spent World War II in Hollywood and whose family life would win no prizes in a *Leave It to Beaver* look-alike contest, has been spectacularly successful as the political avatar of values he hasn't lived by. His line "Go out there and win one more for the Gipper" got the biggest response of convention week, as he and his party forgot for one last joyous occasion that his life is not a movie. In possibly unintentional but genuine tribute to Reagan's magic, the prosaic Quayle, in his acceptance speech three days later, chose to introduce himself to America with an extended reference to the movie *Hoosiers*—which, in truth, bears comparison to Quayle's life more than *Knute Rockne—All-American* bears to Reagan's.

Unfortunately for Quayle and the other chicken hawks, it is only the truly rare politician like Reagan who can get away with writing the movie of his own life. ■



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